

CRITICAL EDITION
OF JOANNA BAILLIE'S
THE BRIDE

by

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PREFACE

The following thesis is an attempt to give the reader a more accurate edition of Joanna Baillie's The Bride than has previously been available. In the preparation of this edition, I have examined all available copies of The Bride¹. I have brought together the annotations from these copies and have added new notes to clear up obscurities. As a basis for this text I used the 1832 edition. For the Life and Works of Joanna Baillie where I quote from Miss Baillie's Works, I refer to the 1853 edition.

The idea of editing The Bride was suggested to me by Professor Whitcomb, who indicated the need of such an edition, and the advantages to be gained by the editor in patience and care that would result from the painstaking work required in preparing a complete, accurate edition.

I wish to thank Professor Whitcomb for the use of his books, for his patience in examining my work and for his unfailing kindness in making corrections and valuable suggestions. I also thank Professor Burnham, Professor F. S. Johnson, Professor E. M. Hopkins, Mrs. Clark, Mr. Manchester, Mr. Hans Lakra, and others who have aided me.

Professor Burnham made many suggestions as to where material might be found. Mrs. Clark, Secretary to the Director of Libraries, and Mr. Manchester, Director of Libraries, supplied me with several books which were almost invaluable to my work, and Mr. Hans Lakra, of Punjab, India, helped to clear up the meaning of several words that are not to be found in our English dictionaries.

1. Editions of 1832, 1851, and 1853. See Bibliography.

To all who have so kindly given me their time and "moral support",

I extend thanks.

Bernice Livengood.

Lawrence, Kansas.

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CRITICAL EDITION OF
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INTRODUCTION

1. Life and Works of Joanna Baillie.

Joanna Baillie was born September 11, 1762, in Bothwell, Lanarkshire, Scotland. She was small and delicate but had physical vigor and strong character worthy of her ancestry. She could trace that ancestry back to the daughter of William Wallace. Wallace's daughter, who was the heiress of Lamington, married a Sir William Baillie. The Baillie heirs inherited and possessed the Lamington estate as late as 1853. One of the heirs was Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, who gained fame but lost his life in a struggle for his country. Related to the brave Wallace and Robert Baillie was Dr. James Baillie.

Another fine old family of Scotland was "the Hunters of Hunterston", in Ayrshire. The brothers, William and John Hunter, were highly thought of in medical science. Their sister, Dorothea, married Dr. James Baillie.

Dr. and Mrs. James Baillie led a quiet, fairly uneventful life. While living in Shotts, Dr. Baillie preached and cared for his parishioners and guests, and Mrs. Baillie kept house and cared for parishioners and guests. The monotony of this somewhat colorless life was broken by the birth of a son, William, who died in infancy, a daughter Agnes, who lived to be a hundred years old, and a second son Matthew, who became a successful physician.

In September, 1762, the family moved to Bothwell where Joanna was born. Owing to Joanna's delicate health and the fact that she was "the baby", one might naturally think of her as being a petted, spoiled, "minister's daughter". But though Joanna's parents and older sister, Agnes, and brother, Matthew, were justly proud of the little girl, their pride, especially that of the parents, was kept, as a rule, in reserve. When the baby hands of Joanna clung to Mrs. Baillie's dress in mute appeal for a sign of love, Mrs. Baillie did not understand the child's longing, or was too busy with the many duties of housekeeper and minister's wife, or, (and I think this the real reason), the mother felt a natural reserve that kept her from kissing the little girl, for Joanna felt that her mother liked to have her cling to her.

"In this household, repression of all emotions, even the gentlest and those most honourable to human nature, seems to have been the constant lesson. Joanna's sister, Agnes, told Lucy Aiken that their father was an excellent parent: 'When she had once been bitten by a dog thought to be mad, he had sucked the wound, at the hazard, as was supposed, of his own life, but he had never given her a kiss. . .'"¹

In this somewhat austere environment there was little to encourage the outward show of tender emotions, yet during the first six years of Joanna Baillie's life, the little girl probably felt emotions and received impressions which did much toward shaping her future.

Near Joanna's home in Bothwell, were many scenes that would have excited the imagination of a much less sensitive child. There were ancient structures built by man, and beautiful picturesque forms

1. Chamber's Cyclopaedia of English Literature, Vol.II, p. 729.

of nature. Here was a foundation for Gothicism and Romanticism of Joanna's works long before Joanna could have known the meaning of the words. Here too, was fostered an early love of nature as the sisters played --

"Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender harebell, or the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
- - - - -

Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,*¹
Minnows or spotted par with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment."²

In the evenings Joanna often heard her elders tell romantic legends of Wallace's wanderings, betrayal, and death; of battles for the civil and religious freedom of Scotland, and of heroic martyrs. Many of these tales contained an element of superstition and horror. That Joanna was deeply impressed may be readily seen by reading the Metrical Legends and the dramas, many of which have the Gothic element of horror.

As it was a custom among the Scotch to receive "wayworn travellers" into their kitchens, Joanna must have heard many strange tales of adventure from this source. Such travellers would serve extremely well for character study.

It was not long before the Baillie girls went on errands to relieve the poor and sick. Those whom they befriended, in many instances,

1. Notes in Miss Baillie's Works of the 1832, 1851, and 1853 editions are indicated by asterisks. The following note is found in the 1853 edition, p. 811. * "The Manse of Bothwell was at some considerable distance from the Clyde, but the two little girls were sometimes sent there in summer to bathe and wade about."

2. Joanna Baillie, Works, 1853 edition, p. 811.

told their life stories and laid bare "genuine emotions".¹

Though Joanna was considered clever by her own family, she did not read well until she was ten years old. She studied at home with Matthew -- not because she liked lessons but because her parents threatened to send her to school if she did not learn at home. Agnes gently led the younger girl to love to read by telling her interesting stories she herself had read. In later years Joanna wrote in "Lines to Agnes Baillie on her Birthday,"

"'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing to me abhorr'd, and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
.....
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke."²

In spite of the fact that Agnes was quick to learn to read, and had an excellent memory, Mr. Baillie once said, "Agnes is very well, but Joanna is the flower of our flock". The remarkable thing about this speech is that it was made long before Joanna thought of writing a play. However, it was not long before she could write a poem. It is said³ that once when young Matthew was in despair over an assignment to write a poem on "The Seasons," Mr. Baillie said, "Joanna will do it for you". Joanna did.

"When Joanna was at the age of six, her father was appointed to the collegiate church of Hamilton and the family removed to that town."⁴ Here the family moved in a larger circle of society and Joanna was able to glean more information from her new surroundings. At this

1. Joanna Baillie's Works, 1853 edition, p. VI.

2. Ibid., p. 811.

3. Ibid., p. VI.

4. Ibid., p. VI.

time Joanna was very active, lively, and happy. She amused her friends with wonderful tales which she invented. She was mischievous and fearless. Often she was seen running "along parapets of bridges and the tops of walls"¹. She may have had these structures in mind when she wrote The Bride in 1828, for in this play she makes use of three castles and a bridge in a wild picturesque scene. In Hamilton, "Joanna became proficient in horsemanship"². She early exhibited much physical and moral courage, not allowing herself to be checked by opposition. However, when she thought duty called her to perform a task, she was obedient to that call.

At the age of ten Joanna had not progressed with home studies as rapidly as her parents wished; so the child was sent to a boarding school in Glasgow with her sister Agnes. She made rapid progress, promising to excel in drawing. She played the guitar and could sing well. Mathematics seemed to be her delight; for she loved to reason and forged ahead of her teachers into Euclid, mastering each problem as she progressed. Joanna was unconsciously preparing her vigorous mind and body for working out and standing by, as a new idea, expressed in The Plays on the Passions.

Studies did not engross all of Joanna's time at Glasgow. In the evenings she would often mimic and characterize persons she had seen, for the amusement of her companions. She could now tell a story so vividly that it drew tears and laughter from her classmates. Sometimes Joanna would compose a little dramatic piece which she and her friends

1. Joanna Baillie's Works, p. VI.
2. Ibid.

would "act," often extemporizing the dialogue. The costuming was crude, but the acting was spirited.

Dr. James Baillie was appointed professor of Divinity at the University of Glasgow in 1776. A house being provided at the college, the family "moved in" the next winter. Many new acquaintances were made with people of rank. Joanna, then fifteen, seemed more reserved, well poised, clever, and well informed. Though she still enjoyed a vigorous game, her friends seemed to be a little in awe of her. With her elders Joanna enjoyed an argument. She was "not disputatious" but was tenacious of her opinions, not readily giving up. She fearlessly expressed her ideas. With children and older people of feeble intellect than her own, Joanna was gentle and generous.

At this time she attempted Milton's Paradise Lost. She gave it up for the time, but later through Comus, she was again led to try Paradise Lost. The great poem appealed to her on the second attempt and probably influenced her own writing.

In 1778, when Joanna's father died, Mrs. Baillie and the two girls retired to Long Calderwood, in Lanarkshire, a small secluded estate owned by the eldest brother of Mrs. Baillie. The family lived there about six years, while Matthew was in Balliol College, Oxford, or studying medicine at London under his uncle, Dr. William Hunter. At Long Calderwood, Joanna enjoyed beautiful scenery, long walks under the trees, and bathing in Calder River. The seclusion of the place was conducive to reading. Miss Baillie was not a wide reader but she enjoyed Shakespeare and the best contemporary poets. At this time she did

not think of writing any permanent pieces.

Mrs. Baillie and daughters went to Glasgow for the winter in 1783. In that year Dr. Hunter died, leaving his museum to Matthew for thirty years and leaving his estate, Long Calderwood, to Matthew instead of to the direct heir - John Hunter. Matthew loyally refused the estate which eventually was inherited by heirs of Matthew.

Until Matthew was happily married in 1791, Mrs. Baillie, Agnes, and Joanna made their home with him at Great Windmill Street, London. This was a fortunate move; for the house was gloomy and the street was narrow and dark, so that Joanna's "heart yearned, her imagination kindled, and poetical feeling took its appropriate form."¹

In 1790 Miss Baillie published anonymously a volume of miscellaneous poems (Fugitive Verses). Little attention was given these poems; so Joanna might have been discouraged had she not read a review article which called the verses "truly unsophisticated representations of Nature". This gave Miss Baillie "confidence in her powers". Those powers were "knowledge of human feeling"; penetration to the human soul, acquaintance with external nature, and capacity of delineation."

One hot afternoon as Miss Baillie sat quietly sewing with her mother, a thought worthy of a cool morning came to her very suddenly. "Why not write a drama?" At once Miss Baillie laid her plot for Arnold which she finished after three month's labor. But Arnold was not published, for the author was not satisfied with her first drama. Other plays followed. In 1798 Miss Baillie published a volume anony-

1. Joanna Baillie's Works, p. IX.

mously, this time, a volume of Plays on the Passions. As stated in the introduction, it was her plan to write a tragedy and a comedy on each important passion. The first volume of Plays on the Passions contained Basil, a tragedy on love, The Trial, a comedy on love, and De Monfort, a tragedy on hatred. The tragedies are stronger than the comedy.

As this volume was anonymous, the public tried to divine the author. Owing to some Scotch idioms in the dramas, some thought that Mackenzie, or even Sir Walter Scott was the composer. The plays and the preface were so vigorous that no one dreamed that a woman had written them.¹

Miss Baillie's chief object was to show each passion in its progress, to trace it from its beginning, and to show the evil effects of the passion if allowed to take its own course.

I think no one has ever doubted that Miss Baillie had a high moral purpose but many objected to her views. One objection was to the idea that plot was but a means to an end. With Miss Baillie, the development of one overruling passion was the end, and the plot must be subservient to that strong passion. Men, thought Joanna, were interested in men and the causes for man's crime and tragic life. Then why should not man be interested in a study of the development of a passion? As a matter of fact, men and women were interested in the Plays on the Passions. Miss Berry, Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Sir Christopher North, and a great many others were deeply interested. Even Lord Jeffrey respected the author though he saw that her purpose if strictly adhered to, would

1. Joanna Baillie's Works, p. X.

be a bar to stage triumph.

Miss Baillie thought of the passions as detached from each other, and as being developed from within, regardless of external circumstances. Thus she failed to make use of the conflict of passions to the degree that many dramatists have; and she refused to invent many "splendid events" to aid the development of each passion, for fear the event would obscure the struggle of the passion.

The idea underlying The Plays on Passions was novel, and if artificial, yet showed philosophic thinking. But such an idea was not conducive to many effective situations, and to the splendour and show necessary to secure success in large theaters. Though John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons took parts in DeMonfort and put forth every effort to make the play a success, it ran but eleven nights. Mrs. Siddons' part was especially adapted to her, and she liked it so well that she asked Joanna to make her some more "Jane DeMonforts". However, critics urge that Jane has not enough acting to do.

In spite of adverse criticism, Miss Baillie did not give up her purpose. She gave one half of the proceeds of her dramas to charity (a custom which she always practised), and proceeded to write a comedy on hatred, a two-part tragedy on ambition, and a comedy on ambition. These were published in one volume in 1802.

It was probably in this year that Mrs. Baillie and the daughters went to Hampstead to live. They occupied a house on Red Lion Hill until the death of Mrs. Baillie, in 1806. Soon afterwards, the Misses Baillie rented a house near the Heath, and made it their home the remainder of their lives. Many people of note and worth were guests in the Baillie

sisters' home. Moral purity was the only requirement made by the hostesses. All were happy in this hospitable home where the atmosphere was individual and fresh.

In 1804 Miss ^{Baillie} published a volume of Miscellaneous Plays which included Rayner and Constantine Paleologus. Rayner, like several other of Miss Baillie's plays, "turns on the crime of murder". Probably this crime was chosen because it was so foreign to Miss Baillie's nature that it made a deep impression on her. Since it struck her so forcibly she might naturally have concluded it would affect others in the same way. The result was the Gothic element of horror and terror such as Miss Baillie doubtless found in her contemporaries.

Of all the plays Miss Baillie published, Constantine Paleologus is unique in that it depends to a considerable extent on history, while almost all the plays are the result of Miss Baillie's imagination. Even part of Constantine Paleologus is imaginary. Two of the characters were intended to fit the Kembles; but those actors, fearing a second defeat, refused to act in this play - much to Miss Baillie's disappointment. The play was twice acted successfully - in Edinburgh in 1820, and in Dublin in 1825.

In 1807, the year after Mrs. Baillie's death, the Misses Baillie visited their old home in Scotland. They were much sought after but were so reserved among strangers that many people thought them cold. With their friends they were warmhearted, and freely recalled childhood days. Of all beautiful spots Miss Baillie visited in Scotland, the falls of Moness, near Laymouth, seemed to impress her most.

She stood an hour, in a heavy rain, watching the falls. To study the habits of the people, Miss Baillie and her sister visited many highland huts.

In the spring of 1808 the sisters visited Edinburgh where Miss Baillie became popular in the literary circle. Among others, Lord Jeffreys sought an introduction; but Miss Baillie, perhaps still hurt by his criticism, avoided him, saying that she feared that friendship would prevent his criticizing her future work candidly. They did meet, eventually, and became such friends that often Lord Jeffreys visited the sisters in London.

Before leaving Scotland the sisters spent some time in the home of Sir Walter Scott, where Miss Baillie was loved by all. Miss Baillie, in turn, was loyal even to Lady Scott, who was considered by many people something of an oddity. More than once, following this visit, Scott left his oldest daughter, Sophia, in London with the Baillies. Scott and Miss Baillie frequently corresponded. Only once was there a coldness between them. This coolness was caused by a review article written by Scott commending Byron. As Lady Noel Byron took the article as an insult to herself, she took her friend, Miss Baillie, to task. When Miss Baillie chided Scott, he apologized. The matter was dropped and the poets were as friendly as ever. In Marmion, Scott paid this very great tribute to Miss Baillie:

" - - - - - the notes that rung
From the wild harp, which silent hung
By silver Avon's holy shore,
Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;
When she, the bold enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame.¹

1. Scott's Marmion, Canto III.

From the pale willow snatched the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Monfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deemed their own Shakespeare lived again."

In 1810, when The Family Legend was almost ready to be staged, Sir Walter Scott wrote the prologue and Henry Mackenzie the epilogue. In a theater of Edinburgh managed by Henry Siddons and partly owned by Scott, The Family Legend was a complete success, running fourteen nights. In the same year De Monfort was again acted - this time with success.

In 1812 Miss Baillie published a third volume of Plays on the Passions containing two tragedies and a comedy on fear and a musical drama on hope.

The sisters again visited Scotland and Sir Walter Scott in 1820. The following year, Miss Baillie published The Metrical Legends, including Wallace, Lady Griselda Baillie, and several ballads.

In 1823, to aid some needy friends, Miss Baillie edited a collection of poems, written for the occasion, by noted contemporaries and herself. The proceeds of the sale of the book, together with a gift of money from Scott, gained independence for the needy family.

In the same year Miss Baillie's brother died. His illness and death deepened Miss Baillie's religious impressions which were not quite orthodox. We find her religious views expressed in The Bride, first published in 1828,¹ and in a prose treatise, A View of the General Tenor of

1. There is some discrepancy of opinion as to the date of the first publication of The Bride; but most authorities agree on 1828.

the New Testament Regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ, published in 1831.

By 1836, Miss Baillie had given up hope of having her plays successfully staged, even in small theaters. Accordingly she collected her unpublished completed plays in three volumes. These volumes included three Plays on the Passions, completing the series, and the miscellaneous plays, The Martyr and The Bride.¹

Although several of Miss Baillie's dramas were partly successful, and one, The Family Legend, was wholly a success, we regret that the authoress could not have attended the theater frequently. As it was, she was too self reliant for her own good, although that self reliance gave her freshness and originality.

Miss Baillie was most popular in America. "She corresponded with Dr. Channing and many others."² The Michigan Historical Society sent her a diploma of membership.

To know Miss Baillie one should read the sympathetic, introspective, Fugitive Verses, published in 1840. Many of these recall her childhood. Ahalya Bagg, a poem, was privately printed in 1849.

Miss Baillie became more secluded as she weakened with age; still she performed her share of the household duties with Agnes until Saturday, February 22, 1951, when she seemed tired and eager "to be released from life". That evening she retired as usual but seemed a bit uneasy. She did not rise again; for she grew weaker until Sunday afternoon, when she died without pain, - while praying.

1. Miss Baillie explains in The Preface to The Bride that both these plays were translated into "Cingalese".

2. Joanna Baillie's Works, p. XVII.

2. Dramatic Type of The Bride.

The Bride is a drama of domestic life. It is largely serious, but has a happy outcome and a slight element of humor. Ehleypoolie's boasting is subject to some raillery from the other officers in Act I, Scene 1;

Ehl. Well met, my comrades! I have words for you.

Mih. We doubt it not, thou'rt bountiful in words.

First Offi. Thou never wast a niggard of such treasure.

and in Act I, Scene iii, where Ehleypoolie says, "I am not given to boasting," then proceeds to tell all that he has done in preparation for bringing the Bride in splendor.

Mindoony again speaks ironically, "In truth, my Lord, he makes it well appear He is not given to boasting".

There is also the tragic element of pain or suffering arising from Rasinga's intention of taking a second wife while his first wife is still living. Artina suffers mentally, for she feels that she is being rejected and that her children will be neglected as younger rivals are born. Samarkoon suffers for his sister's fate and for himself since he is jealous of Rasinga. Imprisonment does not lighten his mental pain. Montebesa's suffering is for others. She dreads the outcome of Rasinga's wrath. Sabawatte and Samar mentally suffer for Artina.

But most of all Rasinga suffers in his jealous rage and the passion which for a time severs him from the love of his family. He is torn between his love for Artina and passion for the Bride. He is also racked by the conflicting desires to have revenge and to be just. As

justice prevails, his mind is at rest and Miss Baillie's purpose, to show the evil effects of polygamy and the good effects of monogamy and Christ-like brotherly love, is accomplished.

3. Structure of The Bride.

The Bride is a three act prosi-metrical drama. Act I contains four scenes, Act II nine scenes, and Act III just two scenes. Each of these two scenes is longer than any other scene in the play except Act I, Scene II. Many scenes are very short. There are 1470 lines.

Act I, Scene ii, and Act II, Scene ii, each contains a song. These songs are not supposed to be improvised by the characters but to be known songs, appropriate to the action, to help create the proper atmosphere. Miss Baillie's plan in using song was to give the song parts to those who had little to act so that good singers without great acting power could handle these parts, making it easier to procure actors fitted for heavy parts. This is a good idea which could be used to advantage today. For in some of our operas bad singing accompanies good acting and vice versa because the composer presupposes that the best actor will be the best singer.

There are a sufficient number of incidents to sustain interest throughout the play. Outstanding incidents are:

Act I, Scene iii, Artina's visit to Rasinga's room.

" , " iv, The meeting of Samarkoon and the robber.

" II, " iv, The capture of Samarkoon.

" II, " v, The meeting of De Creda and Rasinga.

Act II, Scene viii, Artina's attempt and failure to release
Samarkoon.

" III, Scene ii, Preparation for death of three.

" III, " ii, Rasinga's pardon to all and gift of the
Bride to Samarkoon.

There are three long soliloquies in The Bride, two by Samarkoon, and one by Rasinga. These soliloquies help characterize Samarkoon and Rasinga. In Act I, Scene ii, following the exit of the officers, we hear from Samarkoon of his sorrow and love for his sister, of his love of the Bride and his doubts concerning Rasinga. In Act II, Scene viii, lines 1 - 20, we learn Samarkoon's idea of death - Nirvana, and love of life. Rasinga's soliloquy - the first thirty-six lines of Act III, Scene i, show the man torn by love and jealous passion.

Sabawatte's song at the beginning of Act I, Scene ii, is in one sense a monologue, since Montebesa hears it.

4. Characters.

Hazlitt says of Miss Baillie, "She treats her grown men and women as little girls treat their dolls - makes moral puppets of them, pulls the wires, and they talk virtue and act vice, according to their cue and the title prefixed to each comedy or tragedy, not from any real passions of their own, or love either of virtue or vice."¹

As usual this criticizes the plays on the passions in particular, yet it seems aimed at all of Miss Baillie's plays. We may answer

1. William Hazlitt, Collected Works, Vol. V, p. 147.

that in most of her plays and The Bride in particular, as we are studying that play, her characters are really distinguished one from another by definite markings. Mithdoony the sympathetic is far different from boasting Ehlypoolie though they are but minor characters. Montebesa is a serious minded woman who sees beneath the surface. Needless to say, other important characters have human impulses which remove them from the "puppet" class.

There are five men, one boy, and four women who are individualized. Other speaking characters are: a robber, in Act I, Scene iv, two domestics and a messenger in Act II, Scene i, and two spectators in Act III, Scene ii. Besides these, there are two children of Artina and Rasinga, robbers, spearmen, guards, and attendants who are mutes but on the stage. The Bride's father is mentioned but does not appear.

The spectators of Act III, Scene ii, have a peculiar mission somewhat like the Old Greek Chorus. They help the audience interpret the scene. As there was not a multitude of actors to watch the death of Artina, Samar, and Samarkoon, the two spectators had the supply the atmosphere of a crowd. This is cleverly done.

First Spec. There is a mass of life assembled here:
All eyes, no voice; there is not even the
murmur of stifled whispers. - Deep and solemn
silence.

(The explanation follows)

Second Spec. Hush, hush! Artina comes, and by her side,
Her son in the habiliments of one
Prepared for death. This surely cannot be:
It is impossible.

First Spec. I hope it is.

When one reads or hears this last sentence he may draw a long breath and say, "I believe it's going to turn out all right after all."

With the exception of Juan De Creda, a Spanish physician who is a Catholic, all the characters are natives of Ceylon who believe in omens, sorcery, Nirvana, and transmigration of the soul, until Rasinga hears and believes the story of Christ's life and death for men.

Rasinga is a brave chieftain who is loved by his family, admired and respected by friends and subjects, feared by those not in his favor. He is generous except when aroused by anger or by jealousy. He becomes stern and unreasonable when crossed in love. His true greatness is shown in the last scene when he acknowledges Christ and makes Samarkoon a gift of the Bride.

Samarkoon is a younger chieftain than Rasinga. He is impetuous and hotheaded, but is warmhearted, and is a lover of life. He holds his honor above his life.

Juan de Creda is a Spanish doctor - priest whom everyone loves. He is able to bring Christ's teachings to Rasinga because Rasinga knows that Juan "practices what he preaches".

Samar "acts the part" of a fearless son of a chieftain. His actions are better than his speech; for a child would naturally wish to stay with his mother, and would cry and laugh as Samar does; but what child would use such "grown up" speech?

Ehleypoolie and Mihdoony contribute an element of humor to the play. Both are soldiers; but while Ehleypoolie is boastful and rather unfeeling, Mihdoony is genial and not so rough. Ehleypoolie is

loyal to Rasinga but unfeeling toward Artina when he says:

"Where is the harm when faded wives are cross
And will not live in quietness with a younger,
To help them on a step to their Newane?"

Artina is loving to all her friends and servants. She is loved by all except Ehleypoolie whom she has "never favored". She is girlish until trouble comes. Her affection for Samarkoon leads her to risk her life to try to free him. Her love for her children is shown in her concern over Samar when she thinks that Rasinga may let the boy die with her, and over the little girls whom she wishes to be taught to love the Bride that she in turn will love them.

Montebesa is the kind mother of Rasinga, who loves her son with all his faults. She has an understanding heart that makes her generous to all and will not let her think her son perfect. She knows Rasinga well enough to feel safe in allowing Samar to offer to die with Artina. Montebesa has the dignity and womanliness that one associates with Miss Baillie.

On the stage the Bride is far less in evidence than one would expect. Being beautiful is her main office. She has a maidenly sense of shame at being seen by two strange men when her veil is torn. Modesty causes her to clutch her veil when Samarkoon tries to remove it. She has a girlish preference for the younger lover but dutifully wishes to please her father.

Sabawatte, Artina's former nurse, is a loving, sympathetic, generous, faithful servant. She dreads to tell Artina of the Bride, but is obedient in intending to try to obey Montebesa. Sabawatte cares for

Artina's children while their mother is in prison. She pities Samar when he longs to go to Artina. When Artina requests Sabawatté to teach the girls to love the Bride, the nurse cannot speak for grief, but nods obediently to ease Artina's suffering.

5. Plot.

The plot of The Bride is not as important as the subject matter. Miss Baillie wished to show the people of Ceylon the value of monogamy and the Christlike spirit. To carry out this purpose of course a plot and incidents were necessary; but much depended upon the portrayal of inward struggle and the well timed teaching of Juan De Crede.

In Act I, Scene i, we are told of an important event that has already taken place -- the meeting of Rasinga and Samarkoon with the beautiful mountain girl. We are next shown Artina in her girlish delight over a gift from Rasinga. This offers a contrast between a happy home with one wife, and the later, miserable castle, where jealousy and passion have crept in. As a tragedy of Miss Baillie, this play is almost unique, in that it has a happy ending and no death.

Design is important in motivating the plot. As above indicated, Miss Baillie purposed to teach the people of Ceylon by picturing the contrast between a home ruled by the Christ spirit, and the same home ruled by passion and superstition. Passion is the cause of the unhappy home while the desire to follow Christ's precepts leads to the happy outcome.

Society is a motivating force in that it was the custom in

Ceylon, for a man to take a second wife at will. Rasinga blames fate for his passion; but one would scarcely be justified in saying that the supernatural motivated the expedition to the mountains. God and Christ, through the teaching of Juan De Creda, motivate the happy ending. As individuals, Rasinga and De Creda have most to do in motivating the plot. Samarkoon acts as a partial foil to Rasinga but is not strong enough to succeed in his opposition. Rasinga says pointedly to Artina in answer to her plea for Samarkoon: Act II, Scene vii, lines 52-52,

"Thy tears and anguish had been better comforted,
Had he a more successful spoiler proved."

The main incidents of The Bride have been given under Structure.

The following is a summary of the story of this play:

Before the opening of Act I, Rasinga, a chief in Ceylon, had led a band of followers to the mountains to aid another chief in war against bandits. Rasinga was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Samarkoon. In the mountain conflict, the veil of the mountain chief's daughter was torn away, revealing a beautiful girl. Both Rasinga and Samarkoon saw and loved the girl. When Samarkoon learns, in the beginning of the play, that Rasinga intends to take the girl as his second wife, he determines for the sake of his sister, Artina, and for his own sake, that Rasinga shall not have the Bride.

When Artina fails to move Rasinga to give up the Bride, Samarkoon arranges with bandits to seize the Bride as Rasinga's men bring her to Rasinga's castle. The Bride is seized and brought to Samarkoon's castle. But Rasinga with a superior force storms Samarkoon's castle, takes the Bride, and puts Samarkoon in chains.

As the band of warriors and the girl make their way to Rasinga's home, De Creda, a Spanish physician who formerly saved Rasinga's life, stops the procession until Rasinga promises to see him again before putting Samarkoon to death.

Artina, failing to obtain Samarkoon's freedom by pleading with Rasinga, tries to break his chains. She is detected by Rasinga who threatens her with death by drowning. She is imprisoned till the time for execution. Her young son, Samar, goes to her and plans to die with her.

De Creda reasons with Rasinga, telling him of Christ, until Rasinga really believes but refuses to pardon his brother-in-law or wife. At the appointed hour, Samar appears with his mother at the scene of the intended execution. He shows such fearless love for Artina that Rasinga grants his wife her pardon. She at once sues for her brother's life that her brave father's name may continue to live. Rasinga, remembering De Creda's teachings, frees Samarkoon, then satisfies himself that he is doing a Christlike act, by giving the Bride to Samarkoon.

As Miss Baillie states in her Preface to The Bride, the plot is almost purely from her imagination. Samar is drawn partly from history. The child from which he is copied was beheaded in 1814.

The time that elapses in the course of the action is not definitely stated. In Act I, Scene i, Ehleypoolie says that Rasinga's men are to start at dawn the next day to bring the Bride. After the capture of Samarkoon, one night elapses before the intended execution. At least three days are required for the action of the entire play.

6. Settings.

The general place setting is in Ceylon. The specific place settings are:

Act	I,	Scene	i,	Before the castle of Rasinga.
"	"	"	ii,	The apartment of Montebesa.
"	"	"	iii,	The apartments of Rasinga.
"	"	"	iv,	A retired grove near the castle of Rasinga.
"	II,	"	1,	The castle of Samarkoon.
"	"	"	ii,	The hall or principal room of the castle.
"	"	"	iii,	The court of the castle.
"	"	"	iv,	An open space before the gate of the castle.
"	"	"	v,	A wild mountain pass, with a bridge swung from one high perpendicular rock to another. The course of a small stream, with its herby margin, seen beneath.
"	"	"	vi,	The house of Montebesa.
"	"	"	vii,	A gallery or passage leading to Rasinga's chamber.
"	"	"	viii,	A prison.
"	"	"	ix,	An apartment in the house of Montebesa.
"	III	"	1,	The private chamber of Rasinga.
"	"	"	ii,	A large court or open space with everything prepared for the execution of Samarkoon: a seat of state in front of the stage.

Miss Baillie did not give as much attention to stage directions as do many later dramatists.¹ She lacked the opportunity of going frequently to the theater; so her knowledge of the stage was meager compared with Shakespeare's knowledge of it. But Miss Baillie did not stay away from the theater from choice. "Had she been born into another rank of life

1. Barrie, Galsworthy, and Shaw are good examples of those who give ample stage directions.

she might, 'a randy quean', have joined a troop of strolling players and known the smell of the footlights, and enjoyed that familiarity with the business of the stage for which she never ceased to hanker."¹

Eliza Farrar² tells of an anecdote told by Miss Baillie of Byron's escorting the two Miss Baillie's to a theater because courtesy almost demanded it. Miss Baillie said that while in the theater Lord Byron sat behind the sisters in the box, making faces to show his distaste for his position as their escort.

Miss Baillie makes use of two castles and a house that might be English, and outdoor scenery. One scene is before the castle of Rasinga. Act I, Scene ii, and Act II, Scene ix, are in Montebesa's apartments. One scene is in her house. For the fifteen scenes there would have to be fourteen sets of stage scenery or at least fourteen changes in arrangement. This means lack of economy in money and time.

The scenes are not described in detail. In most cases no mention is made of furniture excepting incidentally. For example, in the last line of Act I, Scene iii, Montebesa says to her servants, "Let us remove her gently to my couch." But the couch is not in evidence on the stage. Other incidences could be given when we find only by the dialogue that certain pieces of furniture are on the stage.

Act III, Scene ii, states rather vaguely "A Large Court or Open Space With Every Thing Prepared for the Execution of Samarkoon;" then more specifically says "A Seat of State Near the Front of the Stage."

1. Florence MacCunn: Sir Walter Scott's Friends, p. 292.

2. Eliza Farrar: Recollections of Seventy Years, p. 74, in Moulton Vol. V, p. 690.

The descriptions of the "wild mountain pass" of Act II, Scene v, and of the prison, Act III, Scene viii, are definite. In the former we have high perpendicular rocks with a bridge swung across, and a stream with a herby margin far below; while in the prison scene, "Samarkoon is discovered in chains; a lamp burning on the ground near him, and a pitcher of water by it."

Act I, Scene iv, should be effective when staged. As the curtain would rise a lonely grove would first be disclosed without a human being. Then when expectancy would be aroused, Samarkoon and a robber would enter.

Sounds in the play should add to its air of romanticism. On the return of Samarkoon with the Bride in Act II, Scene i, loud shouting is followed by a nuptial chant (in Scene ii). At the close of Act II, Scene iii, (The larum bell is rung, and many people in confusion cross the stage as the scene closes.) Act II, Scene iv, ends with the shout of Rasinga's followers as they begin the attack. In Act II, Scene v, Martial music is heard as Rasinga returns home in triumph with Samarkoon in chains. As Juan De Creda calls to Rasinga, the effect would be thrilling were the audience not aware of Juan's presence. Even knowing him to be there, the audience would feel a keen interest in the effect it would have upon Rasinga.

Juan again creates some interest when he makes a noise at Rasinga's door (Act III, Scene i), after Rasinga's burst of passion.

In Act III, Scene ii, the absence of sound creates dread expectancy at first; then the generosity of Rasinga causes a shout of joy "from all around" which could not fail to strike a sympathetic thrill in the audience.

Light does not play an important part in "The Bride". Probably the light was intended to be dim in Act I, Scene iv, - the forest scene. In Act II, Scene vi, Montebesa speaks of Boodhoo's rays which appeared to her a few days before Samarkoon's imprisonment; but this light does not appear upon the stage. The lamp on the prison floor in Act II, Scene viii, suggests the dark damp dungeon of the middle ages. In fact, the light mentioned in the play adds to the Gothic gloom.

The Bride was not written as a "closet drama" although we have no record of its ever having been performed professionally. Throughout the play, at intervals are found bits of stage directions as: Act I, Scene i, (Samarkoon, who has entered behind them unperceived, and overheard part of the preceding dialogue, now rushes forward indignantly.) . . .

(pointing to Mihdoony and Officers) line 59.

(striking him) line 67.

(Exit Ehleypoolie sulkily, followed by Mihdoony and Officers; Manet Samarkoon. line 69.

(After a pause) line 97.

(after a considerable pause) line 111.

These examples will be sufficient to show that Miss Baillie kept the performance of the play in mind all the time, and tried to make the action clear to the actors.

The Bride is not a pantomime play. On the contrary, it has bits of elocution. Samarkoon's speeches to Montebesa in Act I, Scene ii, beginning "Which if it be! that if betrays an answer" ... and "Such honour

as unfeeling worldlings give

To fall'n deserted merit she will have." . . .

are eloquent. So also are Artina's appeal to Rasinga, Act I, Scene iii, and Samarkoon's soliloquy at the beginning of Act II, Scene viii.

Though bitter, Rasinga is eloquent in Act II, Scene v,

"Ha! then those Europeans, whom the sea
Hath cast like fiends upon our eastern shores,
To wrong and spoil and steep the soil with blood,
Are not compatriots of thy book-taught land." . . .

Artina pleads defiantly for Samarkoon in Act II, Scene viii,

"Upbraid me not, my Lord; I've at your feet
Implor'd you to relent and spare his life,
The last shoot of my father's honour'd house."

Juan is eloquent in his defense of the Scripture, Act III, Scene i,

"The Scripture lay before them like the sky
With all" . . . etc.

We are prone to read into a play the author's views even when the author does not express his own ideas; yet Juan De Creda's ideas are so like what we know of Miss Baillie's thoughts, that Juan seems personal rather than objective. One can almost imagine Joarma mildly urging true Christianity upon Rasinga. Indeed, De Creda is but the mouthpiece to express the ideas which Miss Baillie urges in her graphic preface.

In Rasinga's paroxysm of rage - Act III, Scene i, the author placed herself in the position of one whose nature and passion were remote from her own. Because of this remoteness, the part is a more difficult one than that of the milder gentler characters -- Juan, Montebesa, Artina, and Samarkoon.

Montebesa is so gentle yet so dignified, capable, and confident

of her powers that she might be another Miss Baillie.

Although The Bride was written for the stage - expressly written for the people of Ceylon at the request of Sir Alexander Johnston as stated in the Preface to The Bride - we find no record of any professional performance. Miss Carhart¹ says that out of the twenty-eight plays of Miss Baillie, only seven - "De Monfort, The Family Legend, Henriquez, The Separation, The Election, Constantine Bleolorus, and Basil - have been professionally produced."

There are surprisingly few obsolete words in The Bride. For the most part, the play is very clearly written. Some old forms of words - including many seemingly useless contractions are found, e.g., thou'rt, wast, ye. ay, sav'st, sack'd, dragg'd, conquer'd, jabb'ring, form'd, dress'd, carv'd, and wrong'd. In some cases the omission of the letter helps the meter by leaving out a syllable; but more often the apostrophe seems to have been used from habit, because others used it in poetry in Miss Baillie's time.

A few words of obscure meaning may be noted. The words Padur's and Mancka may be native Cingalese but they are not to be found in common dictionaries spelled as they are in the text.

Other words common only in the Orient but found in The Bride are: Niwane, Wihare, Patine, Boodhoo, Kattragam, and Nahagaha.

The word order is often inverted, e.g., "I like not mountain warfare."

Figures of speech, especially similes, abound. A few colloquialisms or "slang" expressions are in this play, e.g., "Fy on't!"

1. The Life and Works of Joanna Baillie, p. 107.

"dull dolts", "Fy", "woe is me", "Fy, fy" "alack, alackaday."

7. Subject-Matter.

The Bride is a thematic play containing an element of art, a faint touch of history, more about society and the individual, and much about the supernatural and external nature.

Beautiful similes show Miss Baillie's artistic sense. But there are occasionally clearer references to art, e.g.,

Act I, Scene i,

"Like a dress'd idol in its carv'd alcove,
A thing of silk and gems"

Act I, Scene ii, "embroidered scarf of many colours", "such tints,
such flowers".

Act II, Scene ii, "no gay and costly treasures deck its walls", Scene
v, The description of the wild mountain pass.

Act II, Scene viii, "I'll have thy figure graven".

Note that two of these passages refer to sculpturing, while one deals with needlework and coloring. Idols and sculpturing were not uncommon. The "gay and costly treasures" may be tapestry or painting to be found adorning Rasinga's palace. Some people of Ceylon had both.

Miss Baillie's uses the scarf to show the effect of passion upon Rasinga's actions towards his wife. She selects a "wild mountain pass" to lend an air of romanticism to the play.

There is not much history in The Bride; but something about this will be found in Miss Baillie's Preface to The Bride and in notes on the Preface, following the text.

Miss Baillie's problem was to show the natives of Ceylon the value of monogamy, in terms of peace, harmony, and happiness, in contrast with selfishness, unhappiness, passion, and even cruelty that might, and often did attend polygamy. In The Bride few question Rasinga's right to a second wife, for it was customary for a man in Ceylon to marry a second wife when he wished; but there is a general feeling that a second bride causes unhappiness to the first wife and children. The Bride herself has no choice. Ehleypoolie sides with Rasinga, while the others are in sympathy with Artina.

The Bride as an individual is far less important than her part in motivating the plot. Indeed, all the characters are better appreciated by studying them in relation to Ceylonese society than as individuals. As we have above shown, most of the speaking characters have individuality.

Throughout the play we find references to the supernatural, e.g., In Act I are "omen, evil omen, charm of sorcery, spirits of the Peak, physis magical, magic, fated, sorcery, Nirvane, vexed spirit in some other form", and "gods". In Act II, we find three references to God and these: "Goddess, Patine, fiends and magic, fell demons, power that rules o'er heaven and earth, heaven, fiends (twice), ominous sign, Bookhoo's rays, Kattragam, diety", and "unvision'd rest". In Act III, the word "God" is used four times. "Author, Son, Savior", and "Lord of Heaven" are also names applied to the Christian (Deity) Power. "Fate, fiend", and "in the form of antelope or loorie . . ." indicate the native belief. In this Act we also have mention of immortality as

thought of by Christian and Buddhist. The Christian thinks of the "happier world", while the Buddhist thinks of going to Buddha in some changed form.

It would be impossible to have a clear idea of the story of "The Bride" without first knowing something about Ceylon, the island on which the action is supposed to have taken place. Ceylon, a crown colony of Great Britain, lies about sixty miles south east of the Indian Peninsula. It is 266 miles long, and varies in width from thirty-two to 140 miles. The total area is over 25,300 square miles, or $31\frac{5}{8}\%$ the size of Kansas. It is not strange that even without railroads, natives were acquainted with events happening along the coast. cf. Act II, Scene v, line 48 ff.; "Ras. Ha! then those Europeans, whom the sea Hath cast like fiends upon our eastern shores,"...

The natives of Ceylon were cruelly treated by the Portuguese and Spaniards, and even felt themselves exploited by the English when the Kandyan country came under British dominion in 1815, through a hasty and not quite fair treaty between the English officials and the native chiefs. As the chiefs expected to draw revenue as before and the English expected to govern the country as English colony, rebellions arose in 1818, 1823, 1834, 1842 and 1848.

The Lords of Trade used harsh measures to quell the rebellions in order to protect British commercial interests on the island.¹ Under such control, and with such experience, it is little wonder that a native of Ceylon would think Christianity a mockery, as does Rasinga until converted by De Creda.

1. The Annual Register, Vol. XCII, p. 107.

As mountains are important in the setting of The Bride, we should know something about them. In the southern part of Ceylon there are 4000 square miles of mountains. It was in this mountain region that Rasinga and Samarkoon first saw the Bride. We do not know that Artina refers to a certain peak when she says in Act I, Scene ii, "The spirits of the Peak have done this work," but she may have referred to Pedrotallagalla¹ (the highest peak) or to Adam's Peak (a famous place of pilgrimage as early as Marco Polo's time.²) Some think that Adam was buried there; but others contend that it was Buddha. Artina may have had in mind the spirits of Adam and Buddha, but her "spirits of the Peak" may have been Scottish fairies.

Parts of the lowlands of Ceylon are so hot and damp that they account, in part, for the leeches and for the several references to fever in The Bride.

With the exception of Miss Baillie's mention of "Doombra's mountain ridge", most of the geography of The Bride could be in any mountainous, tropical island. Part of it could even apply to Scotland. The references are:

Act I, Scene i, Seabeach, mountains, vale, cliff.

" " Scene ii, Streamlet, pool, Doombra's mountain ridge, peak, rugged peak.

" " Scene iii, Bushy knoll, narrow pass, deep, ridge, wat'ry waste.

1. New International Encyclopedia, Vol. IV, p. 802.

2. The Travels of Marco Polo, p. 283, 284.

Scene iv, Sequestered spot, cave, woody jungle, forest haunts,
narrow pass.

Act II, Scene iii, Pass.

" " Scene iv, Ocean.

" " Scene v, Mountainous pass, perpendicular rock, stream, native
land (Spain), eastern shores, book taught land (Spain).

Miss Baillie had never been to Ceylon and had not had access to many books on the subject, so depended largely on friends and a few books for information. While Miss Baillie's description of the geography and plants of Ceylon may seem poverty stricken in comparison with Edwin Arnold's description of Indian places and flora, in The Light of Asia, if we justly weigh the advantages that Arnold had, by a seven years' residence in India, the marvel will be that Joanna Baillie succeeded as well as she did in creating the atmosphere of Ceylon.

It is true that Miss Baillie speaks of the "herby margin" of a stream when she might have said that the stream was lined with "hal-malille, ebony, and satinwood trees." Again she might have enumerated some of the species of palms as, coconut, areca, palmyra, and feathery palms; but she contents herself with the more general "rock cresting" palm. After all, there are but six native varieties of palms in Ceylon and The Bride is not a botany.

The following is a list of the floral references in The

Bride:

Act I, Scene i, thick rank woods. Scene ii, leafy dome, verdant home, roses, flowers. Scene iii, bushy knoll, green woods. Scene iv, grove, woods.

Act II, Scene ii, spices, lily, tented screen (leaves), garden green. Scene iii, bushes. Scene v, herby margin. Scene vii, forest boughs, rooted herbage, rock-creeping palm.

Act III, Scene i, Nahagaha. Scene ii, weeds, bough.

It may be noted that most of these words and expressions might apply equally well to England or even to parts of the United States, but "spices," "palm," and "nahagaha" are the more definite words.

Among the fauna of Ceylon are the bear, leopard, buffalo, several species of the monkey, the Indian humped ox, over 3000 species of birds and many varieties of reptiles. The crocodile is the most prominent reptile.¹ Let us compare this list with a list of these animals found in The Bride.

Act I, Scene i, twisted shell, forest birds, leeches, speaking bird, ape, reptiles, boa, elephant. Scene ii, fish, bird, bee, loorie, pard, rock-bird, locusts, lizards, birds of prey. Scene iii, crested mancka, wild elephant, forest birds, monkeys, brinded tiger. Scene iv, pards, tiger.

Act II, Scene i, nested dove, lion's mate. Scene iv, sea-bird. Scene v, elephant, serpent's folds, tiger's paws. Scene ix, dog.

1. New International Encyclopedia, Vol. IV, p. 803.

Act III, Scene i, tiger, reptile. Scene ii, water-snakes, lizards, antelope, loorie.

Miss Baillie seems well informed about the fauna and seems to ^{understood} have the natural phenomena of Ceylon, for in The Bride we find:

Act I, Scene i, storms and hurricanes, mists, sun . . . dissolves mists.

Scene ii, lightning, earthquake, chilling clouds, drenching mists. Scene iii, moon, noon-day shadows, like a cloud, shimmering brightness of moving waves, midnight, momentary radiance, moulders in the grave.

Act II, Scene i, sunshine. Scene ii, morning star, beams. Scene iv, wind-scourged ocean, rising billows. Scene v, earthquake. Scene vi, clouds o'er lapping clouds, Boonhoo's rays, noon's blue dome . . . mid-day splendour. Scene vii, hurricane (wreck. . . sand . . . herbage etc. darkening the sky).

Act III, Scene i, lightning, fitful sounds of swollen torrent, sky . . . glorious stars, wrinkled broken waters, half spent flames (of wrath). Scene ii . . . For death to prey upon, bright sun . . . reach his noon, death, . . . booming waters closing over, . . . thunder shower, storm, sky, clouds.

Many of these references add Gothic gloom to the play.

There is some romanticism in The Bride. The setting in a foreign land, the wild scenery, and the love stories in the play are all romantic. The storming of Samarkoon's castle by Rasinga is both romantic and medieval. The striking situations before mentioned are romantic.

There is also an element of classicism in the play. The

spectators of Act III, Scene ii, are a kind of aftermath of the old Greek dramatic chorus. The play is written, in large part, in blank verse similar to that of Shakespeare from which it was copied. It does not have five acts and has neither prologue nor epilogue as do many of the classical dramas of the Renaissance.

The gloomy prison into which Samarkoon is thrown, is Gothic. The revolting picture which Rasinga gives us of the intended punishment of Samarkoon and Artina represent Gothicism with its terror and horror. De Creda represents Neo-Catholicism.

The Bride represents Miss Baillie in that it has vigor and a high moral tone, and is sympathetic. Miss Baillie apparently gives us her own views through Juan De Creda. In The Bride, as in the Play on the Passions, much of the interest centers about the passion of one man. In this case, it is the love of Rasinga. But jealousy also enters, and outward events help motivate the story. The journey to the mountains to free the Bride's father from an outlaw band was an outward event. The tearing of the mountain girl's veil was "fate." These and other events would not be considered necessary for a Play on the Passions. The Bride may be taken as similar to most of Miss Baillie's other miscellaneous tragedies, in that blank verse is used; But this play has but three Acts, while some of her other tragedies have five acts.

As the play is romantic, it is well adapted to the Nineteenth Century. That century found many people who were interested in the Orient, in Gothicism and Neo-Catholicism. Among others one must include Scott. As all the above "isms" are to be found in The Bride, we may consider this play as typical of the nineteenth century. The castles, wild forest scenes and high bravery of the men characters as well as

the love story or stories, mark the play as belonging to a romantic period.

The Bride is English in the form that we receive it; but with the Martyr was translated into Cingalese for the people of Ceylon. In our English text there are very few foreign words. "Exit" and "exeat" are used in stage directions. "Patine" (Pattine) and "Kattragam" are Indian names of dieties. "Wihare" (Wihara) and "Manoka" seem to be Cingalese. "Doombra" and "Nahagaha" are Cingalese. "Certes" is French. With these exceptions and names of characters, the play is English. Juan De Crede does not burst into any flow of Spanish but always speaks in good English.

18. Oriental Diction and Theme in The Bride.

For this particular study we may define the Orient as including all Asia except Siberia, Northeastern Africa, and Turkey. We are chiefly concerned with Ceylon, India, Persia, Palestine, and Egypt. By "oriental" theme and diction "we mean that which is characteristic of, pertaining to, situated in, or occurring in"¹ the above named countries.

In England by the middle of the eighteenth century, there was great interest in the Orient. Gardens were "laid out in the eastern manner; houses ornamented in front by zig-zag lines; and rooms stuck round with Chinese vases and Indian pagods."² Hundreds of pictures were taken in the orient by travellers, and were brought to England. The

1. Webster's New International Dictionary.

2. Murphy's Orphan of China in the Works of Oliver Goldsmith, Vol. IV, p. 213.

interest aroused by these pictures showed that people had a romantic pleasure in the remote, and especially in the oddities in flowers, animals and human life in the Orient.

With such taste exhibited in life, it is no wonder that many authors resorted to an imitation of the style and language peculiar to the Orient, and wrote on Oriental themes. To give this oriental coloring, the authors of the nineteenth century studied eastern literatures, travelled, talked to travellers, or read books written by those who had been in the Orient. The conquest of India by England, heightened this interest and added to England's knowledge of the East.

Among writers who lived for a time in the Orient, were Edwin Arnold and Sir William Jones, Southey, Moore, and Joanna Baillie are examples of those who wrote vividly of the East though they did not travel there.

In the eighteenth century, authors thought that pompous language particularly belonged to oriental literature. But some authors of that century depended merely on Oriental names of characters¹

"Authors of the Nineteenth Century pay more attention to really oriental characteristics, both in language and in description of locality."² Joanna Baillie's purpose, to appeal to and influence the natives of Ceylon, caused her to utilize all the information about the island and the people that she could glean in order to make her drama fit into that eastern environment. She may have talked to Sir

1. Marie De Meester, Oriental Influences in the English Literature of the Nineteenth Century, p. 75.

2. Ibid.

Alexander Johnston about the people, for her treatment of them is far more sympathetic than one would expect from a writer who judged them solely by newspaper accounts of Kandyan atrocities.

While The Bride is oriental, it is not a tale of magic like The Arabian Nights. Its characters are far more lifelike. Rasinga is the nearest approach to the tyrant Sultan characteristic of many oriental tales of the Eighteenth Century. Samar, as a "good son" may be compared with Joseph in Joseph and his Brethren, by Charles Wells, and with Aureng-Zebe in Dryden's play.

In moralization The Bride resembles the Eighteenth Century pseudo-oriental dramas. In The Bride one also finds some of the Eighteenth Century emotion - Artina's fainting, Samarkoon's agitation, and Rasinga's transport of rage.

The custom of the Eastern maidens' wearing a veil to hide their faces is referred to many times in oriental tales, poems, and dramas. Miss Baillie refers to the Bride's veil several times.¹ Ianthe, the heroine of Davenant's Siege of Rhodes,² refuses to unveil even for a Sultan. Tourandocte of the Persian Tales throws off her veil to dazzle Prince Calaf.³

Byron, in The Corsair⁴ and in The Bride of Abydos⁵ portrays the shame felt by the Turks for a maiden unveiled before a strange man.

1. This is discussed in a note on Act I, Scene 1, line 49.

2. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes, pp. 269, 270.

3. Martha Conant, The Oriental Tale in England in the 18th C., p. 16.

4. Byron, Works, Vol. ix, p. 328.

5. Ibid., p. 209.

Compare

"(Woe to the head whose eye beheld
My child, Zuleika's face unveil'd)"¹

with Moore's -

"Her veil falls off - her faint hands clasp his knees -
'Tis she herself! - 'tis Zelica he sees!"²

The passage from Byron expresses the wrath of an outraged father, while Moore portrays the languor of the Orient.

The simile, metaphor, and highly decorative passage abound in many oriental pieces. Some of those to be noted in "The Bride are:

Act I, Scene i, line 4-9. . . . "the words which ye shall now receive,
But such as in each listner's fancy wakes
Responding sounds, such as from twisted shell
On sea-beach found, comes to the bending ear
Of wand'ring child; sounds strange and full of omen."

" Scene i, lines 75-77,
"And yet they are upon my heart
Like the compressure of a coiled boa,
Loathly but irresistible."

" Scene i, line 105 ff., -
"Thou art not formed to sit within thy bower
Like a dress'd idol in its carv'd alcove,"
. . . .

" Scene iii, lines 6-9, "Our palanquin
Will shine
Like any crested mancha, proudly perch'd
Upon the summit of her bushy knoll."

" II, Scene ix, lines 25-27,
"I at her door will live, as my poor dog
Close by my threshold pines and moans,
When he's shut out from me."

" III, Scene i, lines 30-32,
-- "The blood from his shorn trunk
Shall to mine eyes be as the gushing font
To the parch'd pilgrim." . . .

Act III, Scene i, line 119 ff., -

"The Scripture lay before them like the sky"

. . .

" Scene ii, line 191 ff.,

. . . "But man's uncertain life
Is like a rain-drop hanging on the bough,"

. . .

Probably the passages that are most clearly oriental are those dealing with the veil, palanquin, monkeys, "boa", loorie, elephants, Niwane (Nirvana), sultana, Boodhoo, Doombra's (mountain ridge), doulas, rockbird, Wihare, Patine, Kattragam, and Nahagaha.

It is interesting to compare Ehleypoolie's description of the bringing of the Bride with Arnold's - - "and the maid went too

Among her kinfolk, carried as a bride,
With music and with litters gayly dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower caparisoned."¹

. . . .

"There is a long line of drums and horns, which went
With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
To bring the young bride home;"²

Arnold describes a much richer scene than does Miss Baillie; but her description is fitted to her setting unless Ehleypoolie was talking of silk streamers.³

Miss Baillie's Nirvana passages, Act I, Scene ii, line 219-220, Act I, Scene iii, lines 101-102, Act II, Scene viii, lines 8-20,

1. Edwin Arnold, The Light of Asia, p. 32.

2. Ibid., p. 70.

3. See note on Act I, Scene iii, line 6.

are truly oriental. They bring out the idea of the Buddhist's belief in transmigration of the soul and various stages of existence, - waking or being, dreaming, and deep sleep. Miss Baillie understood that Nirvana meant loss of consciousness; but it is not so certain that she thought much about loss of desire. Perhaps she had that in mind when she had Samarkoon rebel against Nirvana when he "desired" to live.

The following passage from Nirvana, a poem by John White Chadwick,¹ expresses the idea well:

. . . .

"My heart was full as it could hold;

The Buddha's paradise was mine;

My mountain-nook its inmost shrine,

The fretted sky its roof of gold.

Nirvana's peace my soul had found, -

Absence complete of all desire, -- "

There are three good "elephant" passages in The Bride.²

The elephant seems to have impressed Miss Baillie by its strength - its terrible power - to trample people and to rend their limbs from their bodies. The elephant was to Tennent the most interesting thing in Ceylon, if we may judge by the proportion of his book that describes the elephant. More than half of Volume II is devoted to that animal.

Snakes, especially boa constrictors, are frequently referred to in oriental literature. To do justice to Ceylon the author was almost obliged to mention them.

1. George Willis Cooke, editor. The Poets of Transcendentalism, p.289.

2. See note on Act I, Scene i, lines 109 ff.

The parrot, found in much oriental literature, is called by Ehleypoolie a "speaking bird". The loorie, a species of parrot, is twice mentioned in The Bride. Act I, Scene ii,

"Reason and cruelty sort ill together,

A loorie haunting with a spotted pard."

Act III, Scene ii,

"When in the form of antelope or loorie,

She wends her way to Boodhoo, I shall still

Be as her young-one, sporting by her side."

It is possible that Miss Baillie confused the word "lorie" with "loris" (a species of monkey); for both words had different spellings and both animals were found in Ceylon. Moore, in Lallah Rookh¹ uses "loories" to mean birds.

The position of oriental women as pictured in most oriental dramas, is one of dependency. The lord or husband seems usually to have even power of life and death over his wife or daughter. Rasinga and Ehleypoolie think that an unfaithful or quarrelsome wife may justly be helped on "to her Newane". Morat, in Aureng-Zebe, puts away his faithful bride at his own pleasure, yet she feels it her duty to die on his funeral pyre. Gulnare, in The Corsair² releases Conrad from prison though she knows that "ocean and the yawning sack" await her if she is detected and captured. The mother of the child from which Miss Baillie patterned her Samar, was drowned in a tank. As Ceylon

1. Page 70.

2. Byron, Works, Vol. IX, p. 328.

had some large weak choked tanks, Rasinga may have expected to have Artins drowned in such a place. The Bride herself indicates her powerlessness in the words, "My choice! a modest virgin hath no choice."

In Davenant's Siege of Rhodes the woman is honored for her faithfulness and sacrifice. In Johnson's Irene the sultan has Irene choked to death at a hint of her supposed disloyalty to him. Sardanapalus, like Rasinga, has a loving faithful wife and children. Like Rasinga he loves a younger woman. But unlike Rasinga, he sends his wife and children away to safety - against the wife's will - and dies with the slave girl.

This death recalls that of Antony and Cleopatra in Shakespeare's play of that name, and in Dryden's All for Love. Cleopatra is not as soft and yielding as most of these oriental heroines but resembles the wife of Joseph's master in Well's Joseph and His Brethern.

Boasting, an element of orientalism, is exemplified by Ehleypoolie in The Bride, by Abdalla in Johnson's Irene,^{and} by Arbaces in Sardanapalus. These three men are soldiers.

The Bride lacks the oriental voluptuousness and the harem of Sardanapalus. Both plays are international; but The Bride has one European nation represented, while all the characters of the other play are oriental, including Assyrians, Chaldeans, Medes, and a Greek.

Oriental respect for a guest is found in Rasinga's treatment of De Creda and in Villerius' speech (in The Siege of Rhodes),

"We love to lodge, not t'entomb a guest."¹

Compare these with The Hitopadesa.

1. Davenant, Siege of Rhodes, p. 365.

"In the house the husband ruleth; men the
Brahman 'master' call;
Agni is the Twice-born's master - but the
guest is lord of all."¹

The neglect of the first wife, and bitterness or distaste for the idea of a man's having more than one wife at a time, are portrayed in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, Dryden's All for Love, Well's Joseph and His Brethern, Johnson's Irene, Byron's Sardanapalus and The Giaour, and Miss Baillie's The Bride.

Johnson in his Epilogue, scoffs at marrying a Turk and adds:

"Besides, he has fifty wives, and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part of her paltry share?"²

Byron's "But this was taught me by the dove,
To die - and know no second love."³

would be still more touching if we were certain of its sincerity. We are sure that Miss Baillie is honest in her belief that there should be but one wife at a time. She starts with the premise that (in Ceylon) a man has a right to more than one wife. She pictures the happiness of a home with one wife, then shows the unhappiness that may result for the mother, the children, friends, and to the husband himself, when the man falls victim to love for another woman. Samarkoon shows his idea on the question when he offers the Bride his "undivided heart" to offset Rasinga's

1. Brian Brown, The Wisdom of the Hindus, p. 189
2. Johnson, Irene, p. 129.
3. Byron, The Giaour, Works, Vol. IX, p. 194.

greater wealth and power. The shout of joy from the spectators indicates how Miss Baillie wishes her audience to feel towards Rasinga's sacrifice and decision for monogamy.

Omens, fate, sorcery and religious superstitions are in The Bride as well as in other oriental literature. Rasinga blames "fate" for showing him the Bride; Montebesa thinks that Boodhoo's rays foretold disaster for her son's family; the robber must make a sacrifice to his gods before undertaking the expedition against Ehleypoolie and his band; Ehleypoolie thinks he lost the skirmish by losing his amulets. Miss Baillie evidently knew that in Ceylon the natives were so superstitious that strong men felt the necessity of making an offering to the gods before a daring enterprise whether the enterprise were for good or for evil, and wore amulets to guard themselves from disease and attacks by men or animals.

The storm is not an unusual theme in oriental drama. In figurative speech De Creda gives us a brief but strong description of a hurricane in Act II, Scene vii, lines 61 - 65.

"I might as well,

While wreck of unroof'd cots and forest boughs;

And sand and rooted herbage whirl aloft,

Dark'ning the sky, bid the outrageous hurricane

Spare a rock-cresting palm."

9. Aesthetic, Ethical, and Other Values.

The beautiful is referred to often in The Bride. The maid, Sabawatté, thinks that no woman could be more beautiful than Artina. The Bride is pictured as a very beautiful girl. In Act I, Scene ii, Artina says:

"Dear mother, look at this! such tints, such flowers?

The spirits of the Peak have done this work;

Not hands of flesh and blood. - Nay, look more closely.

.

I pray you both admire the beauteous gift" --

Another passage concerning aesthetic values is found at the beginning of Act I, Scene iii. Ehleypoolie is much concerned with the outward show of the procession to bring the Bride. Again, Samar calls our attention to his prettiest toy in Act II, Scene ix.

We may note several beautiful passages to be found in The Bride. Among others are the following:

Act I, Scene iii, "Alas! my joy is like the shimm'ring brightness

Of moving waves, touch'd by the half-risen moon,

Tracing her narrow pathway on the deep:

Between each brighten'd ridge black darkness lies,

Whilst far on either side, the wat'ry waste

Spreads dim, and vague, and cheerless."

Act III, Scene i, Juan. The Scripture lay before them like the sky

With all its glorious stars, in some smooth pool

Clearly reflected, till in busy idleness,

Like children gath'ring pebbles on its brink,
Each needs must cast his mite of learning in
To try its depth, till sky and stars, and glory,
Become one wrinkled maze of wild confusion.
But that good Scripture and its blessed Author
Stand far and far apart from all this coil,
As the bright sky from the distorted surface
Of broken waters wherein it was imaged.

Little Samar's last speech to Rasinga in Act III, Scene 11,
is beautiful in its unselfish love for Artina:

. . . "We'll be still together:

When in the form of Antelope or Loorie,

She wends her way to Boedhoo, I shall still

Be as her young-one, sporting by her side."

De Creda, in his talks with Rasinga, stresses the love of God
and the brotherhood of men. He places certain general truths above all
petty differences raised by sects. He says that the Scripture was once
clear; but men, eager to show their learning, did not take it as it was,
but tried to interpret it. Each interpreted it as he pleased; so the
meaning was obscured. To understand it rightly, one should read the
Scripture and cling to the fundamental truths. Christ's death for man
is a truth that teaches us to pardon our enemies.

As a source of information, The Bride is not as full as Moore's
Lallah Rookh or Arnold's The Light of Asia; but it probably equals Dryden's
Aureng-Zebe and Byron's Sardanapalus in this respect.

As a stimulus to be Christlike and to practice monogamy, the play is good. Rasinga's request that Juan De Creda bring the Scriptures to Ceylon, was probably intended to stimulate interest in the Bible, and to prepare the natives of Ceylon for the coming of the Scriptures.

The play is really interesting and affords recreation even to a reader of today, who chances to read it, but it is not primarily for amusement. It is rather to teach certain ethical and religious values.

THE TEXT OF THE BRIDE.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

As a basis for this text, we have used the first American edition of Joanna Baillie's Works. It was published in Philadelphia by Carey and Lea, in 1832. Although this edition was called The Complete Poetical Works of Joanna Baillie, it is not complete, - the first complete edition not appearing until 1853.

In the 1832 edition, lines distributed to two speakers are, in some instances, written as prose. We have rearranged such passages to appear as poetry. Owing to the limitations of the typewriter, it was impossible to differentiate between the large and small capitals as the original text does at times in stage directions; but except in
and numbering of the lines,¹
the above mentioned line arrangement/, we have followed the 1832 edition as closely as possible.

1. The lines were not numbered in the earlier editions we examined.

PREFACE TO THE BRIDE

To see the mind of a child awaking by degrees from the dreamy indistinctness of infancy to a clearer observation of what it beholds around, and a capacity to compare and to reason on the differences and resemblances which it perceives, is a most pleasing and interesting sight; so in a far greater degree does the rousing a race or nation from its infancy of ignorance and delusion, interest and excite every mind of any feeling or reflection. It was from this natural sympathy that I heard with the most sensible pleasure, some months ago, of the intended translation of my Drama, called "The Martyr", into the Cingalese language, as a work which might have some good effects upon a people of strong passions, emerging from a state of comparative barbarism, and whose most effectual mode of receiving instruction is frequently that of dramatic representation, according to the fashion of their country. -- A gentleman to whom Ceylon owes the great benefits conferred on a people by the pure and enlightened administration of justice, and to whose strenuous exertions they are also indebted for the invaluable institution of a trial by native juries,* entertained this opinion of the Drama in question, and afterwards did me the father honour to suppose that I might write something of the kind, more peculiarly appropriate to the circumstances of that island, which would naturally have a stronger moral effect on the minds of its inhabitants.

* The measures above alluded to are detailed in the Asiatic Journal for June, 1827. They are the different measures which were carried into effect by Sir Alexander Johnston, when he was President of His Majesty's Council in Ceylon, and of which Mr. Brougham made honourable mention in his speech on the Present state of the Law, in February, 1828.

Pleased to be made, in the humblest degree, an instrument for their good, I most readily promised to endeavour at least to do so. And when they read this piece, or when it is brought before them in representation, they will regard it as a proof that their former judge and friend, though now absent and far separated from them, still continues to take a deep interest in their welfare. So considered, it will not fail to make an impression on their minds to which its own power or merit would be altogether unequal.

But should the individual effects of this Drama be ever so inconsiderable, the profits arising from its publication in England, may be the means of procuring translations into the Cingalese language of more able and useful works, and make, as it were, a first though a low step to an invigorating moral eminence. In these days, when many excellent men are striving at the expense of health and ease, and all that is valued by the world to spread the light of Christianity in the East; when the lamented Bishop Heber, with the disinterested devotion of an Apostle, joined to the mildness, liberality, ability, courteousness, and good sense which promote and grace every laudable undertaking, has proved himself to be the genuine and noble follower of his blessed Master, -- who will not be willing to lend some aid and encouragement to so excellent a purpose? I hope, and strongly hope, that good will be derived, even from such a feeble effort as the present; and that the time will come when the different races of the East will consider every human creature as a brother; while Englishmen, under whose rule or protection they may live, will condemn that

policy which founds its security upon ignorance. All past experience is unfavourable to the unmanly and ungenerous maxim. And in the present time, when perfect undisturbed ignorance cannot be obtained, the preservation of it in a middle state, to take no higher view of the subject, will be found to be a very precarious and expensive means of governing. But do I not wrong my countrymen, connected with the East, in supposing that the great proportion of them do entertain such narrow views? Of this at least I am thoroughly persuaded, that if such a supposition does not wrong them at present, it will do so grievously some years hence; for the ignorance I speak of is that which stands opposed to the useful, simple learning which promotes industry and charity. Of those superfluous fantastical acquirements which the overstrained refinement of modern plans of education seems anxious to extend to the lower classes of society, I do not speak.

But I must beg leave to retract what I have said above as to making a first step in this desirable progress. One of Mrs. Hannah More's sacred Dramas was translated into the language of Ceylon, several, I believe, many years ago, and was much liked and admired by the natives. A second or third, or any rank, so as it be a step at all, is honour enough for me.

And now let me address a few words to those whom I shall never see, whom many, ~~many~~ leagues of ocean divide from any spot on earth on which my foot hath ever rested or shall ever rest, -- those for whose especial use the following Drama was written, and in whose country the story of it is supposed to have happened.

I endeavor to set before you that leading precept of the Christian religion which distinguishes it from all other religions, the forgiveness of injuries. A bold and fiery-tempered people is apt to consider it as mean and pusillanimous to forgive; and I am persuaded that many a vindictive and fatal blow has been inflicted by those, whose hearts at the same moment have yearned to pardon their enemies. But Christians, who, notwithstanding the very imperfect manner in which they obey and have obeyed the precepts and example of Jesus Christ, do still acknowledge them, and have their general conduct influenced by them, -- are they a feeble and unhonoured race? Look round you in your own land, in other countries most connected with your own, and you will acknowledge that this is not the case. You will therefore, I hope, receive in good part the moral of my story.

I wished to have found some event in the real history of Ceylon that might have served as a foundation for my Drama; but not proving successful in my search, which, circumstanced as I am, could not but be very imperfect, I have of necessity had recourse to imagination. But there is one person or character in it which is truly your own, though placed in an imaginary situation, and any country in the world might be proud to claim it. -- "Remember," said the son of the first Adigar of the Candian country to his elder brother, who had clung for protection to his wretched mother, when she and all her children were condemned to death by a late king of Candy, --

"Remember that we are the sons of a brave man, and should die as becomes his sons; I will be the first to receive the stroke of the headsman." The land which hath produced a child so brave and noble, will also, under favourable circumstance, be fruitful of brave and noble men; and in proportion as her sons become generous and humane, they will also increase in valour and dignity. The little Samar, then, of my play is what the son of the first Adigar would have been in his place, and as such I commend him to your favour and attention.

The views which I have given of the religion of Juan De Creda are true to all that you will find in the history and precepts of Jesus Christ, whenever you are inclined to read those books of our sacred Scripture which we call the Gospels, containing his history, and written by men who were his immediate followers and disciples, being eye and ear witnesses of all that they relate; and let no peculiar opinions or creeds of different classes of Christians ever interfere with what you there perceive plainly and generally taught. It was given for the instruction of the simple and unlearned; as such receive it.

Wishing you all prosperity as a brave and virtuous people, -- for brave ye are, and virtuous I hope ye will become, -- I bid you farewell.

THE BRIDE.

Persons of the Drama.

Men.

Rasinga.

Samarkoon, his Brother-in-law.

Juan De Creda, a Spanish Physician.

Samar, a Child, and Son of Rasinga.

Ehleypoolie,)
) Officers of Rasinga.

Mihdoony,)

Officers, Domestics, Robbers,

Spearmen, etc.

Women.

Artina, Wife of Rasinga, and

Sister of Samarkoon.

Montebesa, Mother of Rasinga.

The Bride.

Sabawatte.

Nurse, Attendants, etc.

Scene in Ceylon.

ACT I.

Scene 1. -- Scene Before the Castle of Rasinga.

Enter Ehleypoolie, meeting Mihdoony and two Officers of
the Chieftain's household.

Ehl. Well met, my comrades! I have words for you.

Mih. We doubt it not, thou'rt bountiful in words.

First Offi. Thou never wast a niggard of such treasure.

Ehl. Ay, but the words which ye shall now receive,

Are not the passing ware of daily traffic,

But such as in each list'ner's fancy wakes
Responding sounds, such as from twisted shell
On sea-beach found, comes to the bending ear
- Of wand'ring child; sounds strange and full of omen.

Mih. What, evil omen? storms and hurricanes? 10

Ehl. Fy on't! A stirring, tinkling, hopeful sound;
The ring of scatter'd largess, sweeter far
Than pipe or chord or chaunt of forest birds:
The sound of mummery and merriment;
The sound -----

But wherefore stare ye on me thus? 15

List; I will tell ye what concerns us all.

Mid. Out with it then! for it concerns us all
To be no more tormented with thy folly.

Ehl. Our Lord Rasinga wills, that we, brave mates,
With fifty armed followers and their followers, 20
Shall be in readiness by realy dawn,
To march in goodly order to the mountains.

First Offi. I like not mountain warfare.

Second Offi. No, nor I.

Mih. To force our toilsome way through thick rank woods,
With bleeding limbs drained by a hundred leeches! 24

Ehl. Fye, lazy cowards! shrink ye from adventures
Which gentle lady, in her palanquin,
Will share with you?

Mih. A gentle lady, Say'st thou?

Ehl. Yes, ye dull dolts, I say so. -- Brave Rasinga
Has with one wife, for a good term of years, 30
(Lulled by some charm of sorcery) been satisfied.
It is good time that he, like other chiefs,
Should have a first sultana and a second,
Or any such arrangement as becomes
His age and dignity. So, in gay trim 35
With our arm'd band, we by to-morrow's dawn
Must be in readiness. -- These are your orders,
Sent by our lord through me.

Mih. Who is this honoured lady of the mountains?

Ehl. Canst thou not guess? -- The aged chieftain's daughter, 40
Whose petty hold was sack'd by daring robbers not
Not many weeks gone by. He and his daughter
Were dragg'd as prisoners from their ruin'd home.
In this sad plight, our chief with Samarkoon,
The valiant brother of his present wife, 45
And a good strength of spearmen, met them; charged
The bootied spoilers, conquer'd and released
Their wretched prey. -- And ye may well suppose
The lady's veil, amidst the strange confusion,
Could not be clutched so close, but that Rasinga 50
Might see the lovely face it should have covered.

Mih. O now I understand it; for, methinks,

Rasinga had not else brought to his house

Another bride to share it with Artina.

(Samarkoon, who has entered behind them unperceived, and overheard part of the preceding dialogue, now rushes forward indignantly.)

Sam. Ye foul-tongued knaves, who so belie your master! 55

What words are these which ye have dated to utter?

Enl. My lord, I crave your pardon; I have uttered

The orders which Rasinga charged me with,

That these (pointing to Mihdoony and Officers)

should straight prepare an armed band

To take their way to-morrow for the mountains. 60

Sam. To bring a bride from thence? Speak out, I charge thee,

Thou lying knave! Went not thy words thus far?

Enl. If they be true or lying words, I wot not.

What may within a guarded palanquin

Be from the mountains brought, I may but guess. 65

Perhaps some speaking bird or jabb'ring ape.

Sam. (striking him). Take that -- and that -- thou false

Audacious slave;

Dar'st thou to answer me with mockery?

(Exit Enleypoolie sulkily, followed by Mihdoony and officers; Enter Samarkoon.)

Base sordid reptiles! For some paltry largess

And passing revelry, they would right gladly 70

See peace and order and domestic bliss
To misery and wild confusion changed.
Hateful suggestions! base and vague conjectures
Which vulgar minds on slight foundation rear!
All false! -----

And yet they are upon my heart 75
Like the compressure of a coiled boa,
Loathly but irresistible.

A bride!

It cannot be! --- tho' her unveiled face
Was of surprising beauty --- O how lovely!
Yet he bestowed on her but frigid praise 80
And still continued to repress my ardour,
Whene'er I spoke of the fair mountain maid,
With silent stern reserve. --- Is this like love?
It is not natural.

Ah! but it is;

It is too natural, --- deep subtle nature. 85
How was my idiot soul so far beguiled
That I ne'er thought of this?

Yes, yes, he loves her!

Loves her whom I so well -- so dearly love,
That every female image but her own
Is from my heart effaced, like curling mists 90
That, rising from the vale, cling for a while

To the tall cliff's brown breast, till the warm sun
Dissolves them utterly. -- 'Tis so; even she
Whom I have thought of, dreamt of, talked of, -- ay,
And talked to, even in absence, as a thing 95
Present and conscious of my words, and living,
Like the pure air around me, every where.

(after a pause.)

And he must have this creature of perfection!
It shall not be, whatever else may be!
As there is blood and manhood in this body, 100
It shall not be!

And thou, my gentle sister,
Must thy long course of wedded love and honour
Come to such end! -- Thy noble heart will break.
When love and friendly confidence are fled,
Thou art not form'd to sit within thy bower 105
Like a dress'd idol in its carv'd alcove,
A thing of silk and gems and cold repose:
Thy keen but generous nature ---- Shall it be?
I'll sooner to the trampling elephant
Lay down this mortal frame, than see thee wrong'd. 110

(after a considerable pause.)

Nay, nay! I am a madman in my rage.
The words of that base varlet may be false.
Good Montebesa shall resolve my doubts.
Her son confides to her his secret thoughts:

To her I'll go and be relieved from torment,
Or know the worst at once.

115

(Exit.)

Scene II. --- The Apartment of Montebesa.

(Sabawatté is discovered at work and singing.)

SONG

The gliding fish that takes his play
In shady nook of streamlet cool,
Thinks not how waters pass away,
And summer dries the pool.

The bird beneath his leafy dome
Who trills his carol, loud and clear,
Thinks not how soon his verdant home
The lightning's bearth may sear.

5

Shall I within my bridegroom's bower
With braids of budding roses twin'd,
Look forward to a coming hour
When he may prove unkind?

10

The bee reigns in his waxen cell,
The chieftain in his stately hold,
To-morrow's earthquake, --- who can tell?
May both in ruin fold.

15

(Enter Montebesa as the song is concluded.)

Mon. Did I not hear thee singing, as I came,
The song my dear Artina loves to hear:

Sab. Even so, good lady; many a time I sang it
When first I was attendant in her bower; 20
Ere, at your own desire, and for my honour,
She did resign me to your higher service.

Mon. Sing it no more: alas! she thought not then
Of its contain'd allusions to a fate
Which now abides herself. 25

Sab. No, not her fate; you surely mean not so:
She is a happy wife, the only wife
Of brave Rasinga, honour'd and beloved.

Mon. She was and is as yet his only wife.

Sab. As yet his only wife! and think you then 30
She will not so continue?

Mon. Sabawatte,
It grieves me much to tell thee what perforce
Must soon be known to all; my son Rasinga
Hath set his heart upon a younger bride,
Perhaps a fairer too.

Sab. (eagerly). No; not a fairer. 35
I'd peril life and limb upon the bet,
She is not half so fair, nor half so good.

Mon. Be not so hasty — Why dost thou regard it
As such a grievous thing? She has already
Enjoyed his undivided love much longer 40
Than other dames have done with other lords,
And reason teaches she should now give place.

Sab. Reason and cruelty sort ill together;
A loorie haunting with a spotted pard.
Ah! wo the day! Why have you told me this? 45

Mon. Because I would upon your sadden'd brow
Print traces which may lead our poor Artina
To question thee; and thou who art her friend
Canst by degrees, with gentle wise precaution,
Reveal to her what she must needs be told. 50

Sab. I cannot: put not such a task on me,
I do implore your goodness!-- No, I cannot.

Mon. Hush, hush!, I hear the footsteps of a man
But not Rasinga. -- It is Samarkoon;
I know his rapid tread. -- Be wise; be silent; 55
For he a while must live in ignorance.

(Enter Samarkoon, and Sabawatte retire to some distance.)

A happy morning to you, my youthful kinsman!

Sam. As it may prove, good lady: Happy morning
Oft leads to woeful eve; ay, woeful noon. 60

Mon. These are strange sombre words; what is the matter?
Shy dost thou look both sorrowful and stern?

Sam. I have good cause, if that which I have heard
Be aught but a malignant, hateful tale,
On mere conjecture founded. Answer me 65
If thou know'st nothing of a num'rous train
In preparation, by Rasinga's orders,

To fetch home to his house a fair young bride?

There's no such thing. -- Speak -- speak! I will
believe thee;

For if to thee unknown, there's no such thing.-- 70

(A pause, he looking inquisitively in her face).

Thou dost not speak; thou dost not answer me;

There's trouble in thine eye. -- A with'ring curse

Light on his heartless heart, if this be true!

Mon. Brave Samarkoon! thou art not wise so fiercely

To question me of that which well may be 75

Without my knowledge; -- that which, if it be,

Nor thou nor I have any power to alter.

Sam. Which if it be! that if betrays an answer;

A shameful answer, shunning open words.

Dear, dear Artina! thou hast climbed already 80

The sunny side of Doombra's mountain ridge,

And now with one short step must pass the bounds

Dividing ardent heat from chilling clouds

With drenching mist surcharged.

So suddenly

To bring this change upon her! Cruel craft! 85

He knows that it will break her tender heart,

And serve his fatal purpose.

Mon.

Frantic man!

Thou art unjust, ungenerous, unwise;

For shoving Rasinga -- no uncommon act,

Take to his princely bower a second bride, 90
Would not Artina still be held in honour,
Her children cherished and their rank secured?

Sam. Such honour as unfeeling worldlings give
To fall'n deserted merit, she will have;
And such security as should-be heirs, 95
Who stand i' th' way of younger, petted minions,
Find in the house of an estranged sire,
Her children will receive, -- Alas, alas!
The very bonds of soul-devoted love
That did so long entwine a husband's heart, 100
Will surely prove. -- Detested cruelty!
But is it so? My head is all confusion,
My heart all fire; -- I know not what thou said'st.

Mon. Indeed, young kinsman, thou art now unfit 105
To hold discourse on such a wayward subject.
She whom thou lov'st so dearly as a brother,
I as a mother do most truly love.
Let this suffice thee, and retire a while,
For I expect Artina, and 'tis meet 110
She be not now overwhelm'd with thy distress.
Ha! She is here already; tripping lightly
With sparkling eyes, like any happy child,
Who bears away the new-robb'd rock-bird's spoil,

Enter Artina, gayly, with an embroidered scarf of many colours

in her hand, and running up to Montebesa.

Art. Dear mother, look at this! such tints, such flowers? 115

The spirits of the Peak have done this work;

Not hands of flesh and blood. --- Nay, look more closely,

And thou too, Samarkoon. How cam'st thou here?

I pray you both admire the beauteous gift ---

Rasinga's gift -- which I have just received. 120

Sam. (Eagerly) Received from his own hand, so lately too?

Art. Ev'n now. But did I say from his own hand?

He sent it to me, the capricious man!

Ay, and another present, some days since,

Was also sent. --- Ay so it was indeed. 125

Sam. Was he not wont to bring such gifts himself?

Art. With what a face of gravity thou ask'st

This most important question! --- Never mind:

I can devise a means to be revenged,

For all this seeming lack of courtesy. 130

Mon. Devise a means to be revenged! and how?

Art. I'll dress old nurse, as my ambassadress,

With robe and veil and pall majestic,

And she shall thank him in a tiresome speech,

(He hates her formal prosing) -- that I throw, 135

Will sure him of such princely modes of sending

His gifts to me. -- But ye are wond'rous grave.

What ails thee, brother? Speak, good Montebesa;

I fear he is not well.

Mon. He is not very well.

Art. (Taking his hand affectionately.)

Indeed he is not. 140

Sam. (turning away his face.)

A passing fit of fever has disturbed me,

But mind it not, Artina.

Art. Nay, nay, but I will mind it, gentle brother.

And I have learnt this morning cheering news, --

Good news for thee and all sick folks beside. 145

Mon. We want good news; what is it thou hast heard?

Art. De Creda, who, by physic magical,

Did cure Rasinga of his fearful malady,

When at the point of death, is just arrived.

Where he hath been these two long years and more 150

There's not a creature knows. Perhaps i' the moon,

If magic knows the way to climb so high.

Mon. Ay, certes, Europe is a wond'rous kingdom,

And well worth visiting, which sends forth men 155

So gifted and so good.

Sam. I pray thee say not men, but only man.

Hath it e'er sent another like to him?

Yet wherefore came he to these happier regions

With such a wicked crew?

Art. Nay, blame him not:

160

His fate hath been disasterous and sad,

As I have heard him say; and woe is me!

Misfortune is not dainty in associates.

Sam. Associates! Solitude in trackless deserts,
Where locusts, ants, and lizards poorly thrive, -- 165
On the bare summit of a rugged peak,
Where birds of prey in dusky circles wing
The troubled air with loud and clam-rous din,
Were to an honest heart endurable,
Rather than such associates. 170

Art. Ha! Does this rouse thee so? Yet, ne'ertheless,
I'll send for him, and he will make thee well.

Sam. And I am so; how canst thou doubt it, brother,
Being so loving and so well beloved. 175

Sam. O yes! thou art indeed beloved most dearly,
Both thee and thine, and so shall ever be
Whilst life gives motion to thy brother's heart.

Art. A brother's heart! -- How so? There is a meaning, --
A meaning and a mystery in this. 180
Tears too are on my hand, dropt from thine eyes; --
O speak and tell the worst!

Sam. I may not now!

I pray thee let me go; I cannot speak.

(Breaks from her and exit. Then Sabawatte,
comes forward and takes hold of her robe
with an action of soothing tenderness).

Art. (to Sabawatte.) Dost thou look on me with pity? --

Speak,

I charge thee speak, and tell the fearful cause, 185
Since no one else will do it.

Mon. My dear Artina, thou shalt know the truth,
Which can no longer be conceal'd; but listen,
Listen with patience to the previous story,
And thou wilt see how fated, strange events, 190
Have caused within Rasinga's noble heart,
Ev'n he who has so long and dearly loved thee,
A growing possibility of change.

Art. If he is changed, why should I know the rest?
All is comprised in this. (With actions of despair.) 195

Mon. Nay, do not wring thy hands, but listen to me.
Sit on this seat, and call up strength to hear me.
Thou giv'st no heed to me; thou dost not hear.

Art. (in a low voice after a pause.)
I'm faint and very cold; mine ears ring strangely;
But I will try to do what e'er thou wilt. 200
(after another pause.)

There is a story then: I'll hear it now.

Mon. Rasinga, as thou know'st, did, short while since,
A mountain chief and his fair daughter rescue
From ruffian robbers. In its youthful charms
He saw the virgin's unveil'd face. Alas! 205

A sight so rare he could not see unmoved.
Restless and troubled, like a stricken wretch
Whom sorcery possesses, for a while
He strove against his passion, but at length
Nature gave way; and thou may'st guess what follows. 210

Art. What follows! -- What has followed?

Mon. Our gates must soon receive this youthful bride;
And thou, dear daughter, must prepare thyself
To bear some natural change.

(Artina faints away in the arms of Sabawatté.)

Sab. I knew it would be so! Oh, my dear mistress! 215
These cruel words have dealt the fatal blow.

Mon. Be not afraid of this infirmity,
Which, though it seems appalling, brings relief,
Ev'n like Nivane, when the virtuous soul
Hath run, through many a change, its troubled course, 220
Let us remove her gently to my couch.

(Exeunt.)

Scene III.-- The Apartments of Rasinja.

He enters, followed by Ehleypoolie and Mihdoony,
and is speaking as he enters.

Ras. (to Ehleypoolie.) Thou hast done well.

Ehl. I am not given to boasting,
Yet I must say all things are so arranged,
That never bride's array, on such short notice,
Was better order'd or for gallant show,
Or for security.

Rag. Tis rich and splendid? 5

Ehl. Our palanquin, with all its colour'd streamers,
Will shine above the guard's encircling heads,
Like any crested mancha, proudly perch'd
Upon the summit of her bushy knoll.

Rag. And have ye pioneers to clear its way? 10

Ehl. Ay, pioneers, who through a tangled thicket
Make room as quickly as the supple trunk
Of a wild elephant; whilst forest birds
From their rent haunts dislodged, fly up and wheel
In wazy circles, raising clam'rous cries, 15
And casting noon-day shadows, like a cloud,
On the green woods beneath.

Mih. In truth, my Lord, he makes it well appear
He is not given to boasting.

Rag. (Smiling.) Not a whit!
As meek and modest as a Padur's child. 20
And having done so much for show and speed,
Good Ehleypoolie, I will take for granted
The chiefest point of all, security,
Has not been overlook'd; for mountain robbers
May yet be lurking near some narrow pass. 25

Ehl. Well, let them lurk and burst upon us too;
'Twill be as though a troop of mowing monkeys,

With antic mimic motions of defiance,
Should front the brinded tiger and his brood;
Full soon, I trow, their hinder parts are seen 30
Lank and unseemly, to the en'my turn'd,
In scamp'ring haste, to gain the nearest shelter.
It were good sport if they should dare to face us.

Mih. You see, my Lord, he is in all things perfect.

Res. I see it plainly. Thanks for all thy pains, 35
Brave Ehleypoolie.

Ehl. Shall we take with us
The pipes and doublas which have hung so long
In the recess of Dame Artina's garden?
Of all your instruments there are not any
That sound so loud and clear.

Res. (sternly.) No, no! I charge thee 40
Let nothing there be changed. Thy witless words
Have struck upon my heart a dismal note,
Depressing all its life and buoyancy.
Alas! My joy is like the shimm'ring brightness
Of moving waves, touch'd by the half-risen moon, 45
Tracing her narrow pathway on the deep
Between each brighten'd ridge black darkness lies,
Whilst far on either side, the wat'ry waste
Spreads dim, and vague, and cheerless.

Mih. If such thy thoughts, dost thou repent thy purpose? 50

Res. Not so; there's ecstasy in those bright gleams;

Ay, and though cross'd with darkness black as midnight,
I will enjoy this momentary radiance.

Enter a Slave in haste.

What brings thee here with such a staring face?

Slave. The Lady's coming; she is close at hand. 55

Ras. Hail from her father's house, unsent for, come?

Slave. No, not that Lady, sir, it is Artina.

Ras. (much disturbed.) I thought my mother would have
spared me this.

Is Montebesa with her?

Slave. No, my Lord.

She has her children with her.

Ras. Wretched moment! 60

The sight of them will change my strength to cowardice:

What shall I do?

Ehl. I'll quickly run and say that you are busy,
And cannot see her.

Ras. (pulling Ehleypoolie back as he is about to go out.)

Restrain thy heartless zeal; it is most odious. 65

Shall she be so debarr'd from entrance here,

Whose presence was a blessing and a grace!

Enter Artina, leading her youngest Child, and followed by Samar,
leading his little Sister. Rasinea hastens to meet her and leads
her in silence to the principal seat, at the same time motioning
to Ehleypoolie and Mihloony to withdraw, who immediately leave

the apartment.

Here take this seat, Artina.

Art.

No, my lord;

I come not here to sit; I come to kneel,

As now besseems a scorn'd forsaken wife. 70

Who pleads with strong affection for her children;

Who pleads in painful memory of love

Which thou for many years hast lavished on her,

Till, in the gladness of a foolish heart,

She did believe that she was worthy of it. 75

Ras.

Yes, dear Artina, thou wert worthy of it;

Thou wert and art, and shalt be loved and honour'd

While there is life within Rasinga's bosom.

Why didst thou think it could be otherwise,

Although another mate within my house 80

May take her place to be with thee associated,

As younger sister with an elder-born?

Such union is in many houses found.

Art.

I have no skill in words, no power to reason:

How others live I little care to know: 85

But this I feel, there is no life for me,

No love, no honour, if thy alter'd heart

Hath put me from it for another mate.

Oh woe is me! these children on thy knees

That were so oft caress'd, so dearly cherish'd, 90
Must then divide thy love with younger fav'rites,
Of younger mother born? Alas! alas!
Small will the portion be that falls to them.

Ras. Nay, say not so, Artina; say not so.

Art. I know it well. Thou thinkest now, belike, 95
That thou wilt love them still; but ah! too soon
They'll be as things who do but haunt thy house,
Lacking another home, uncheer'd, uncared for.
And who will heed their wants, will sooth their sorrow,
When their poor mother moulders in the grave, 100
And her vex'd spirit, in some other form,
Is on its way to gain the dreamless sleep.
Kneel, Samar, kneel! thy father lov'd thee first,
In our first happy days. -- Wilt thou not, boy?
Why dost thou stand so sullen and so still? 105

Samar. He loves us not.

Art. Nay, nay, but he will love us.
Down on they knees! up with thy clasped hands!
Rasinga, O Rasinga! did I think
So to implore thy pity -- me and mine
So to implore thy pity, and in vain! 110

(Sinks on the ground exhausted with agitation.)

Ras. (raising her gently in his arms.) Dearest Artina!

Still most dear to me;

Thy passionate affections waste thy strength;

Let me support thee to another chamber,
More fitting for retirement and for rest,
Come also, children. -- Come, my little playmates! 115

Samar. We're not thy playmates now.

Ras. What dost thou say?

Samar. Thou dost not speak and smile and sport with us.

As thou wert wont: we're not thy playmates now.

Ras. Thou art a fearless knave to tell me so.

(Exeunt Artina leaving on her husband and the children
following.)

Scene IV. -- A Retired Grove Near the Castle of

Rasina.

Enter Samaroon and a Forest Freebooter.

Sam. Now stop we here; in this sequestered spot,

We may with freedom commune on the purpose

For which I would engage thy speedy aid.

Thou knowest who I am; and dost remember

Where, how, and when I last encounter'd thee? 5

Freeb. I do, my Lord; but though thou find'st me thus,

Alone and slightly arm'd, be well assured

I will defend my life and liberty

Against thyself (looking suspiciously round) or any

ambush'd band

To the last bloody push of desperation.

Sam. I know thou wilt; it is thy desp'rate prowess
Which makes me now, all robber as thou art,
And lurking here disguised, as well I guess,
For no good end, -- to seek thy amity.

Freeb. My amity! the noble Samarkoon - - - 15

A chief of rank, and brother of Rasinga!

Sam. Strong passion by strong provocation roused
Is not a scrup'lous chooser of its means.
How many of these armed desperadoes,
From whose fell hands we did so lately rescue 20
That petty chieftain and his child, could'st thou
Within short time assemble?

Freeb. Few remain
Of those who once, at call of my shrill horn,
With spear and bow in hand, and quiver'd back
The deadly arrows bearing, issued forth 25
From cave or woody jungle, fierce but stealthy,
Like glaring, tawny pards, -- few, few remain.

Sam. But some remain?

Freeb. Ay, some.

Sam. And they are brave?

Freeb. No braver bandits e'er in deadly strife
With man or tiger grappled. 20

Sam. Enough, hie quickly to thy forest haunts,
And near the narrow pass where ye sustain'd
The onset of Rasinga, wait my coming

With all the armed mates thou canst assemble,
And there I'll join thee with a trusty band. 35

Freeb. I will; nor do I doubt the recompense
From such a noble chief will be most bountiful.

Sam. 'Tis well; be speedy, secret, faithful, -- brave
I need not say. So let us separate, 40
Nor stay for further parley; time is precious.

Freeb. I will bet go to leave an offering
At the Wihare yonder, then with speed
Wend to our woods. --- But wherefore smilest thou?

Sam. Dost thou regard such duties?

Freeb. Ay, good sooth! 45
Who has more need of favour from the gods
Than he who leads a life of lawless peril?

(Exit.)

Sam. (exultingly.) Ay, now, Rasinga, set thy costly chamber,
While poor Artina sighs and weeps unheeded,
In gallant order for thy fair new bride! 50
Another bridegroom and another chamber
Abide her which thou little thinkest of.

(Exit.)

ACT II

Scene 1. -- The Castle of Samarkoon. Low Shouting Heard

Without.

Enter several Domestics in confusion.

First Dom. What shouts are those? do enemies approach?

What can we do in our brave master's absence?

Second Dom. Ha! hear it now! it is no enemy;

It is our Lord himself; I know the sound.

And lo! his messenger arrived with tidings.

5

Enter a Messenger.

What are thy news?

Mess. Right joyful news, I warrant.

Our master brings a bride, by conquest won,

To be the bliss and sunshine of his house;

A bride fair as the goddess, bright Patine.

First Dom. Most unexpected tidings! Won by conquest? 10

Second Dom. With whom has he been fighting for such prize?

Mes. Fy, fy! despatch and make such preparation

As may be fitting for a bride's reception:

There is no time for telling stories now.

Despatch, I say; do ye not hear them nearer?

15

They are not many furlongs from the gate.

(Exeunt in haste different ways.)

Scene II. -- The Hall or Principal Room of the Castle.

Enter Semaykoon leading in a Lady covered with a veil,

and followed by two Female Attendants; then a band of

Musicians and a train of armed Men with Ehleypoolie

and several of his Soldiers as prisoners. A Nuptial
Chant or Song is struck up.

SONG

Open wide the frontal gate,
The Lady comes in bridal state;
Than wafted spices sweeter far,
Brighter than the morning star;
Modest as the lily wild,
Gentle as a nurse's child.
A lovelier prize of prouder boast,
Never chieftain's threshold trost.

5

Like the beams of early day,
Her eyes' quick flashes brightly play;
Brightly play and gladden all
On whom their kindly glances fall.
Her lips in smiling weave a charm
To keep the peopled house from harm.

10

In happy moment is she come
To bless a noble chieftain's home.

15

Happy be her dwelling here,
Many a day and month and year!
Happy as the nested dove

In her fruitful ark of love!

20

Happy in her tented screen!

Happy in her garden green!

Thus we welcome, one and all,

Our lady to her chieftain's hall.

Sam. I give ye all large thanks, my valiant warriors, 25

For the good service ye have done to me

Upon this day of happy fate. Ere long,

This gentle lady too, I trust, will thank you.

Albeit her present tears and alter'd state

Have made her shrink and droop in cheerless silence. 30

An ample recompense ye well have won,

Which shall not with a sparing hand be dealt.

Meantime, partake our cheer and revelry;

And let the wounded have attendance due;

Let sorcery and med'cine do their best

35

To mitigate their pain.

(Turning to the Prisoners.)

Nay, Ehleypoolie,

Why from beneath those low'ring brows dost thou

Cast on the ground such wan and wither'd looks?

Thy martial enterprise fell somewhat short

Of thy predictions and thy master's pleasure;

40

But thou and all thy band have bravely fought,

And no disgrace is coupled with your failure.

Enl. Had not my amulets from this right arm
Been at the onset torn, ev'n ambush'd foes
Had not so master'd us.

45

Sam. Well, be it so; good amulets hereafter
Thou may'st secure, and fight with better luck.

Enl. Ay, luck was on your side, good sooth! such luck
As friends and magic give. Another time ----

Sam. What thou wilt do another time, at present 50
We have no time to learn. (to his followers generally)
Go where cool sparkling cups and sav'ry viands
Will wasted strength recruit, and cheer your hearts.
Ere long I'll join you at the board, and fill
A hearty cup of health and thanks to all. 55

(Exeunt all but Samarloun, the Bride, and her

Female Attendants.)

And now, dear maid, thou pearl and gem of beauty,
The prize for which this bloody fray was fought,
Wilt thou forgive a youthful lover's boldness,
And the rude outrage by his love committed?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Bride. What can I say? 60

I was the destined bride of great Rasinga;
My father told me so.

Sam. But did thy heart ---

Did thine own heart, sweet maid, repeat the tale?
And did it say to thee, "The elder chieftain
Is he whom I approve; his younger rival
Unworthy of my choice?"

65

Bride. My choice! a modest virgin hath no choice.

That I have seen you both; that both have seen
My unveiled face, alas! is my dishonour,
Albeit most innocent of such exposure.

70

Sam. Say not dishonour; innocence is honour,

And thou art innocent and therefore honourable,
Though every slave and spearman of our train
Had gaz'd upon thy face. The morning star
Receives no taint for that a thousand eyes,
All heaven-ward turn'd, admire its lovely brightness.
Let me again look in thy dark soft eyes,
And read my pardon in one beaming smile.

75

(Attempting to draw aside her veil while she gathers
it the closer.)

Bride. Forbear, forbear! this is indignity.

Sam. And this, dear maid, is childish bashfulness.

80

(The upper fastening of the veil gives way and falls
over her hand.)

And look, the silly fence drops of itself;
An omen of good fortune to my love.
Oh! while those eyes are fixed upon the ground,

Defended from too ardent admiration,

With patience hear my suit. -- Two rival chiefs 85

Have look'd upon thy face, and thou perforce

Must choose or one or other for thy husband.

Rasinga in his rich and noble mansion,

Hath years already pass'd in wedded love;

And is the husband of a virtuous dame, 90

Whose faithful heart, in giving place to thee,

Will be asunder torn. My house is humble;

No gay and costly treasures deck its walls;

But I am young, unmarried, and my heart

Shall be thine own, whilst thou reign'st mistress

here, 95

As shares the lion's mate his forest cave,

In proud equality, -- Thou smilest at this;

And it doth please thy fancy; -- yea, a tear

Falls on that smiling cheek; yes, thou art mine.

Bride. Too quickly dost thou scan a passing thought. 100

Sam. Thanks, thanks! O take my thanks for such dear words!

And speak them yet again with that sweet voice

Which makes my heart dance in its glowing cell.

First At. (advancing to Samarkoon.) My Lady is far spent

with all this coil;

She has much need of quiet repose. I pray, 105

On her behalf, let this be granted to her.

Bride. (to First At.) I thank thee nurse!

(to Samarkoon.) My Lord, I would retire.

Sam. I will retire, or do whate'er thou wilt.

Thy word or wish commands myself and mine.

(Exit.)

First At. Thyself and thine! a mighty rich dominion! 110

Alack, alackaday, the woeful change!

This rude unfurnish'd tower for the fair mansion

Or great Rasinga! Evil was the hour

When these fell demons stopped us on our way.

Bride. O say not so! in great Rasinga's house 115

A noble wife already holds her state,

And here I shall have no divided pleasure.

First At. Divided! Doth an elder faded wife

In love, in honour or in riches share

Like portion with a youthful beauty? No! 120

She doth herself become the flatt'ring subject

Of her through whom the husband's favours flow;

And thereby doth increase her rival's power,

Her state and dignity.

Thou art a simple child, and hast no sense 125

Of happiness or honour. Woe the day

When those fell demons stopp'd our high career!

Bride. But for my father's anger, and the blood
Which has been shed in this untoward fray,
The day were one of joy and not of woe, 130
In my poor estimation.

First At. Poor, indeed!

Second At. (advancing.) Fy, nurse! How canst thou so
forget yourself?

Thy words are rude; my lady is offended.

First At. Who would not, so provok'd, forget herself?
Ah, the rich treasures of Rasinga's palace! 135
His gaudy slaves, his splendid palanquins!
They have pass'd from us like a mummer's show,
Seen for an hour and gone.

Enter a Female Domestic.

Dom. My master bids me say, the lady's chamber
Is now in readiness. (Exeunt.) 140

Scene III. --- The Court of the Castle.

Enter Two Domestics, meeting.

First Dom. The merry revelry continues still
As if but just begun, though Samarkoon
Reminds them anxiously, that preparation
For the defence of this neglected hold,
Is pressing matter of necessity. 5

Second Dom. Those glutton bandits will not leave the board,
On which good viands smoke or wine cups sparkle,
For all the words of threat'ning or entreaty,
That mortal tongue can utter.

Enter a Third Domestic, in great alarm

Third Dom. Where is our master?

First Dom. What alarms thee so? 10

Third Dom. There is a power of armed men advancing.
I saw their dark heads winging through the pass
Above the bushes shown; a lengthen'd line,
Two hundred strong, I guess.

First Dom. It is Rasinga.

Second Dom. Ring the larum bell, 15

And rouse those drunken thieves from their debauch.

Third Dom. But I must find our master; where is he?

First Dom. He was i' th' inner court some minutes since.

(The larum bell is rung, and many people in confusion cross
the stage as the scene closes.)

Scene IV. — An Open Space Before the Gate of the
Castle: Armed Men are Discovered on the Walls.

Ras. (to those on the walls.) Where is that villain whom
ye call your Lord?

Let him appear, and say, why like a robber, —
A reckless, lawless traitor, he hath dared
My servants to attack, my bride to capture,

And do most foul dishonour to my state. 5

Am I a driv'ling fool, -- a nerveless stripling, --

A widwid ranny, propping infant's rights,

That thus he reckons with impunity

To pour on me such outrage?

Enter Samarkoon above, and stands on the wall over the gate.

Sam. Rasinga, thou art robb'd and thou art wrong'd, 10

And hast good cause to utter stormy words.

Ras. Ay, and good cause to back those stormy words

With stormy blows which soon shall force that gate,

Make desp'rate entrance through the rifted walls,

And leave within your paltry tower of all 15

Who dare oppose my arms, no living thing,

Unless thou do restore the mountain beauty,

And all the spoil thou hast so basely won.

Sam. Though I have dared to wrong thee, brave Rasinga,

I've done it in the heat and agony 20

Of passions that within a generous breast

And irresistible, and be assured,

With no weak calculations of impunity.

The living treasures I have robb'd thee of,

I will defend to the extremity 25

Of desp'rate effort, ev'n in this poor hold,

Hann'd as it is. -- I well might speak to thee

Of equal claims to that fair beauty's favour;
Of secret love; of strong fraternal sympathy
With her whose honour'd name I will not utter, 30
But that were vain.

Rag. Vain as a sea-bird's screams,
To check the wind-scourged ocean's rising billows:
So far thou speakest wisely. -- Stern defiance
I cast to thee; receive it as thou may'st
Audacious traitor! 35

Sam. And I to thee do cast it back again
— With words and heart as dauntless as thine own.

Rag. (to his followers.) Here ends our waste of breath
and waste of time.

On, pioneers, and let your pond'rous mallets
Break down the gate. To it, my valiant bowmen! 40
Discharge a shower of arrows on that wall,
And clear it of yon load of miscreant life.

(Rasinga's followers raise a shout, which is answered
by one equally loud from the adverse party, and the
attack commences. After great efforts of attack and
defence, the gate is at last forced, and Rasinga with
his force enters the Castle. The Scene then closes.)

Scene V. -- A Wild Mountain Pass, with a Bridge Swung
From One High Perpendicular Rock to Another. The Course

of a Small Stream, With Its Herby Margin, Seen Beneath.

Martial music is heard, and a military procession seen at some distance, winding among the rocks and at length crossing the bridge. Then come the followers of Rasinga in triumph, leading Samarkoon in chains, followed by men bearing a palanquin, and in the rear Rasinga himself, with his principal officers. As he is on the middle of the Bridge, Juan De Credo enters below, and calls to him with a loud voice.

Juan. Rasinga, ho! thou noble chief, Rasinga!

Ras. (above.) Who calls on me?

Juan. Dost thou not know my voice?

Ras. Juan de Credo, is it thou indeed?

Why do I find thee here?

Juan. Because the power that rules o'er heaven and earth
Hath laid its high commission on my soul,
Here to arrest thee on thy fatal way.

Ras. What mean such solemn words?

Juan. Descend to me and thou shalt know their meaning.
(Rasinga crosses the bridge and reappears below.)

Ras. I have obeyed thee, and do bid thee welcome 10
To this fair land again. -- But thou shrink'st back,
Casting on me looks of upbraiding sorrow:
With thee I may not lordly rights assert;
What is thy pleasure?

Juan. Is he, the prisoner now led before thee 15

Loaded with chains, like a vile criminal,

Is he the noble Samarkoon, thy brother?

Ras. Miscall not by such names that fetter'd villain:

He, who once wore them with fair specious seeming,

Is now extinct to honour, base, and treacherous. 20

The vilest carcase, trampled under foot

Of pond'rous elephant, for lawless deeds,

Was ne'er inhabited by soul more worthless.

Juan. Thy bitter wrath ascribes to his offence,

A ten-fold turpitude. Suspect thy judgment. 25

When two days thought has commun'd with thy conscience,

Of all the strong temptations which beset

Unwary youth by potent passions urged,

Thou wilt not pass on him so harsh a censure.

Ras. When two days thought! If that he be alive 30

And wear a human semblance two days hence,

In the fell serpent's folds, the tiger's paws,

Or earthquake's pitchy crevice, with like speed,

Be my abhorred end.

Juan. Hold, hold, Rasinga!

The God, in whose high keeping is the fate 35

Of every mortal man, pr prince or slave,

Hath this behest declared, that sinful man

Should pardon grant to a repentant brother;
Yea, more than this, -- to his repentant enemies.
So God commands; and wilt thou prove rebellious? 40

Rag. Ha! hast thou been in heaven since last we met,
To bring from hence this precious message? Truly
Thou speak'st as if thou hadst.

Juan. No, I have found it in my native land,
Within the pages of a sacred book 45
Which I and my compatriots do believe
Contains the high revealed will of God.

Rag. Ha! then those Europeans, whom the sea
Hath cast like fiends upon our eastern shores,
To wrong and spoil and steep the soil with blood, 50
Are not compatriots of thy book-taught land.
What! dost thou cast thine eyes upon the ground?
The stain of rushing blood is on thy cheek.
If they be so, methinks they have obeyed
That heavenly message sparingly. -- Go to! 55
Tell me no more of this fantastic virtue, --
This mercy and forgiveness. Even a woman,
A child, a simpleton, would laugh to scorn
Such strange unnatural duty.

Juan. Call it not so, till I have told thee further -- 60

(Taking his hand.)

Rag. Detain me not. But that to thee I owe

My life from fatal sickness rescued, -- dearly,
Full dearly should'st thou pay for such presumption,
Let go thy hold.

Juan. I will not till thou promise,
Before thy vengeful purpose is effected, 65
To see me once again.

Ras. I promise then, thou proud and dauntless stranger;
For benefits are traced in my remembrance
With lines as ineffaceable as wrongs.

(Exeunt.)

Scene VI. -- The House of Montobosa.

Montobosa enters, meeting a Servant, from the opposite side.

Mont. What com'st thou to impart? thy busy face
Is full of mingled meaning, grief and gladness.

Serv. My Lord Rasinga, madam, is returned, --
Return'd victorious; and the fair young bride
Again is rescued by his matchless valour. 5

Mon. All this is good; hast thou no more to tell?

Serv. Alas! I have; for by his spearmen guarded,
Loaded with chains, most rueful to behold,
Comes amarkoon. For now it doth appear,
That he, enleagued with robbers, was the spoiler, 10
Who beat the gallant train of Ehleypoolie,

And bore away their prize.

Mon. Oh, this is dreadful! Clouds o'erlapping clouds
Are weaving o'er our house an evil woof. --

A fearful canopy. It was to us 15

That ominous sign was sent, but few days past,
When Boodhoo's rays, beneath the noon's blue dome
With shiv'ring motion gleam'd in streaky brightness,

Surpassing mid-day splendour. Woe is me
I saw it not unmov'd; but little thought, 20

Ah! little thought of misery like this.

(Enter Juan De Credo.)

Welcome, De Credo; thou in hour of need
Art ever wise and helpful. Dost thou know
Of this most strange event? Of Samarkoon
As lawless spoiler by Rasinga conquer'd, 25
And led -----

Juan. I do; and come to entreat thee, Lady,
That thou with thy enchain'd and vengeful son
May'st use a mother's influence to save him.

Mon. Entreaties are not wanted, good de Credo,
For herein I am zealous as thyself. 30

Juan. He must not die.

Mon. Nor shall, if I can save him.

Juan. Then let us meet Rasinga, as he passes.

Ere he can reach the shelter of his chamber,
Where men are wont to cherish moody wrath;
And we will so beset him with our prayers, 35
That we shall move his soul, if it be possible.
The fair Artina too must come with us
To beg her brother's life.

Mon. Yes, be it so; but first let us apprise her,
And do it warily, lest sudden grief 40
Overwhelm her totally.

Juan. That will be necessary.
And, Lady, let us find her instantly;
We have no time to spare.

(Exeunt.)

Scene VII. -- A Gallery or Passage Leading to Rasinga's

Chamber.

Enter Rasinga, speaking to an Officer who follows him.

Ras. And let his dungeon be secured to the utmost
With bolt and bars; and set a double guard
To watch the entry. Make it sure, I say;
For if the prisoner escape, thy life
Shall pay the forfeit. This thou knowest well, 5
Therefore be vigilant. (Exit Officer.)

The very blood in boiling in my veins,
Whilst the audacious braver of my rights,

My arms, my honour, even with a dungeon

And manacled with iron, breathes vital air. 10

Enter Montobesa by the farther end of the gallery, followed by
Artina and Juan De Creda, who remain without advancing further,
whilst she approaches her Son with an air of dignity.

Mon. Rasinga, let a mother, who rejoices

In every victory thy arms achieve,

Be it o'er foreign, yea, or kindred foe,

Greet thee right heartily.

Ras. I thank you, Lady.

Mon. But that my pride in thee may be unmixed 15

With any sense of aught to taint thy glory,

Grant me a boon that will enhance thy triumph,

And make me say with full, elated heart,

Rasinga is my son.

Ras. Name it; whate'er a man may grant is thine. 20

Mon. The life of Samarkoon; that is my boon.

Ras. The life of Samarkoon! Then thou dost ask

The foul disgrace and ruin of thy son.

Mon. Not so; for thine own peace and future weal,

I do adjure thee to be merciful. 25

Ras. And would'st thou see the son whom thou did'st bear

An unreveng'd, despis'd derided man?

And have I got from thee and my brave sire

This manly stature and these hands of strength
To play an ideot's or a woman's part? 30

If such indeed be Montebesa's wish,
Poor slight-bon'd, puny, shambling drivellers,
O sickly maidens, should have been the offspring
Produced by her to mock a noble house.

Mon. O say not so! There will be no dishonour. 35

Rag. What! no dishonour in the mocking lips,
And pointing fingers of the meanest peasant,
Who would his whetted blade sheath in the heart
Of his own mother's son for half the wrong, ---
Ay, half the wrong which that audacious traitor 40
Has done to me! --- Cease, lady; say no more:

I cannot henceforth live in ignominy,
Therefore, good sooth! I cannot grant your boon.

Art. (rushing forward and catching hold of his hand and
his parents.)

Dear, dear, Rasinga! wilt thou make my life
One load of wretchedness? Thou'st cast me off, --- 45

I who so loved thee and love thee still, ---
Thou'st cast me off and I will meekly bear it.

Then, wilt thou not make some amends to me
In a sav'd brother's life, for all the tears,
The bitter tears and anguish this has cost me? 50

Rag. (shaking her off.) Thy plea is also vain; away, away,
Thy tears and anguish had been better comforted,
Had he a more successful spoiler proved.

(Turning fiercely on Juan de Creda, who now advances.)

Ha! thou too art upon me! Thou whose kindred
And colleagues are of those who read good lore, 55
And speak like holy saints, and act like fiends.
By my brave father's soul, where'er it be.
Thou art a seemly suitor for such favour!

(Bursts away from them and Exit.)

Art. De Creda, good De Creda, Dear De Creda!

Wilt thou not follow him? 60

Juan. Now now; it were in vain; I might as well,
While wreck of unroff'd cots and forest boughs,
And sand and rooted herbage whirl aloft,
Dark'ning the sky, gird the outrageous hurricane
Spare a rock-crested palm. -- But yet despair not; 65
I'll find a season. Let me lead thee hence.

Mon. I fear the fierceness of his untam'd spirit,
Will never yield until it be too late;
And then he will in brooding, vain repentance,
The more relentless be to future criminals; 70
As though the death of one he should have spared,
Made it injustice e'er to spare another.

I know his dangerous nature all too well.

(Exeunts)

Scene VIII. -- A Prison.

Samaroon is discovered in chains; a lamp burning on the ground near him, and a pitcher of water by it.

Sam. And now the close of this my present being,
With all its hopes, its happiness and pain,
Is near at hand, -- a violent bloody close,
Perhaps with added torture and disgrace.

Oh, Kattragam, terrific diety! 5

Thy stern decrees have compass'd all this misery.

Short, turbulent, and changeful, and disast'rous,

Hath been this stage of my existence. What,

When this is past, abides me in my progress

To the still blessing of unvision'd rest, 10

Who may imagine or conjecture? -- Blessing!

Alas! it is a dull unjoyous blessing

To lose with consciousness of pain, all consciousness.

The pleasure of sweet sounds and beauteous sights,

Bride, sister, friends, -- all vanish'd and extinct, 15

That stilly, endless rest may be unbroken.

Oh, oh! he is a miserable man,

Who covets such a blessing! -- Hush, bad thoughts!

Rebellious, faithless thoughts! My misery

Is deep enough to make even this a blessing. 20

Enter Artina

It cannot be! is it some fantasy:

Who and what art thou?

Art. (approaching him softly.) The thing I seem; thy
miserable sister.

Sam. My gen'rous, loving sister, in her love
Running such fearful risk to comfort me. 25

Art. Nay, more than this, dear brother; more than comfort;
I come to set thee free.

Sam. Has he relented?

Art. No, no! Rasinga is most ruthless. I,
By means of this (showing a signet) which, in
our better days,

It was my privilege to use at will, 30

Have passed the guards, and may a short while hence

By the same means return, -- return in safety.

Meantime let me undo those galling fetters;

I've brought fit tools, and thou shalt teach me how.

Sam. But can'st thou think the guards will let thee pass, 35

Ev'n with thy signet, leading a companion?

It cannot be; thou dost deceive thyself,

Thy mis'ry and affection make thee foolish.

Art. Not so; there is a secret passage yonder.

That stone (pointing to it) like many others in the wall, 40

But rougher still; (goes close to the stone and touches

Art. look at it! take good heed,
Has in its core a groove on which it turns;
A man's full strength will move it, and despair
Will make thee strong.

Sam. Were two men's strength requir'd, I feel within me 45
The means for such deliverance; if, indeed,
Thou hast not been deceiv'd by some false tale.

Art. I'm not deceiv'd. But wait, when I am gone,
With limbs yet seemingly enthrall'd, until
The wary guard hath come to ascertain 50
Thy presence here; and then, when he retires,---
Thou know'st the rest. -- Haste, let me loose thy
shackles.

Is this the way?

(Kneeling down and using her implements for breaking the
chains, which she draws from the folds of her robe.)

Sam. Well done, my most incomparable sister!
Affection seems to teach thee crafts-man's skill. 55

Art. This link is broken.

Sam. So it is indeed.

If I am fated yet to live on earth,
A prosp'rous man, I'll have thy figure graven,
As now thou art, with implements in hand,
And make of it a tutelary idol. 60

Art. (still working at the chains.) Ha! thou speak'st

cheerly now; and thy changed voice
Is a good omen. Dost thou not remember
How once in play I bound thy stripling limbs
With braided reeds, as a mock criminal?
We little thought ---- Another link is conquer'd, 65
And one alone remains. (Tries to unloose it.)

But it is stubborn.

Oh, if that I should now lack needed strength!
Vile, hateful link -- give way!

Enter Rasina. and she starts up, letting fall her tools
on the ground.

Ras. And thou art here, thou most rebellious woman!
A faithful spy had given me notice of it, 70
And yet methought it was impossible
Thou could'st be so rebellious, so bereft
Of female honour, matronly allegiance.

Art. Upbraid me not, my Lord; I've at your feet
Implor'd you to relent and spare his life, 75
The last shoot of my father's honour'd house
But thou, with unrelenting tyranny,
Hast chid me from thee. -- Matronly allegiance,
Even in a favour'd and beloved wife,
O'er-rules not every duty; and to her, 80

Who is despis'd, abandon'd, and disgraced,
Can it be more imperious^u? No, Rasinga;
I were unmeet to wear a woman's form,
If, with the means to save my brother's life
Not implicating thine, I had from fear
Of thy displeasure, grievous as it is,
Forborne to use them.

85

Rag. Ha! such bold words to justify the act.
Making rebellion virtue! Such audacity
Calls for the punishment which law provides
For faithless and for disobedient wives.

90

Sam. Rasinga, if that shameful threat be serious,
Thou art the fellest, fiercest, meanest tyrant
That e'er join'd human form to demon's spirit.

Rag. And dost thou also front me with a storm
Of loud injurious clamour? -- Ho, without:

95

(Calling aloud off the stage)

I came not here to hold a wordy war
With criminals and women. -- Ho! I say.

Enter guards.

Secure the prisoner, and fasten tightly
His unlock'd chains. -- And, Lady, come thou in-
stantly

100

To such enthrallment as becomes thy crime.

(Exeunt Rasinga and Artina, who is led off by guards, while motioning her last farewell to Samarkoon. The scene closes.)

Scene IX. -- An Apartment in the House of Montobesa.

Samar is discovered playing on the floor with toys, and Sabayatte sitting by him.

Samar. (Holding up a toy.) This is the prettiest plaything
of them all:

I will not use it till my mother come,
That she may see it fresh and beautiful.

Sab. Alas, sweet Samar! would that she were here!

Samar. Will she not soon? how long she stays away! 5

Sab. Was she not always kind?

Samar. Yes, always very kind, but since my father
Has thought of that new bride -- I hate that bride --
And spoken to me seldom and with looks
Not like his wonted looks, she has been kinder; 10
Has kiss'd me oftener, and has held me closer
To her soft bosom. O she loves me dearly!
And dearly I love her! -- Where is she now,
That thou should'st say, "I would that she were here!"

Sab. Dear boy! I may not tell thee.

Samar. May not tell me! 15

Then she is in some sad and hateful place,

And I will go to her.

Sab. Oh no! thou can'st not.

Samar. I will; what shall withhold me, Sabawatte?

Sab. Strong bolts and bars, dear child!

Samar. Is she in prison?

Sab. She is.

Samar. And who hath dared to put her there? 20

Sab. Thy father.

Samar. Then he is a wicked man,

Most cruel and most wicked,

I'll stay no longer here: I'll go to her;

And if through bolts and bars I may not pass,

I at her door will live, as my poor dog 25

Close by my threshold lies and pines and moans

When he's shut out from me.- I needs must go;

Rooms are too good for me when she's in prison.

Come, lead me to the place; I charge thee do;

I'll stay no longer here. 30

Enter Montebesa, and he runs to her, clasping her knees,
and bursting into tears.

Mon. What is the matter with thee, my dear child?

(to Sabawatte.) Does he know aught?

Sab. I could not keep it from him.

Samar. I know it all; I know it all good grandame.

O take me to her! take me to her prison.

I'll be with her; I'll be and bide with her; 35

No other place shall hold me.

Mon. Be pacified, dear child! be pacified,

And I myself will take thee to thy mother:

The guards will not refuse to let me pass.

Weep not so bitterly, my own dear Samar! 40

Fy! wipe away those tears, and come with me.

Sah. A blessing on you, madam, for this goodness!

It had been cruelty to keep him here.

(Exeunt.)

ACT III

Scene I. -- The private Chamber of Rasinga, Who Is
Discovered Walking Backwards and Forwards in Great
Agitation.

Ras. That I -- that I alone must be restrained!

The very meanest chief who holds a mansion,

May therein take his pleasure with a second,

When that his earlier wife begins to fade,

Or that his wearied heart longs for another. 5

Ay, this may be; but I am deem'd a slave,

A tam'd -- a woman-bound -- a simple fool. (after a

pause)

Nor did I seek for it; fate was my tempter.

That face of beauty was by fate unveil'd;
And I must needs forbear to look upon it, 10
Or looking, just forbear to live -- Bold traitor!
That he should also, in that very moment,
Catch the bright glimpse and dare to be my rival!
Fy, fy! His jealous sister set him on.
Why is my mind so rack'd and rent with this? 15
Jealous, rebellious, spiteful as she is,
I need not, will not look upon her punishment.
Beneath the wat'ry gleam one moment's struggle, --
No more but this. (tossing his arms in agony.)

Oh, oh! there was a time,
A time but shortly past, when such a thought 20
Had been ----- the cords of life had snapt asunder
At such a thought. -- And it must come to this!

(after another perturbed pause.)

It needs must be; I'm driven to the brink.
What is a woman's life, or any life
That poisons his repose for whom it flourished? 25
I would have cherish'd, honour'd her, yet she,
Rejecting all, has ev'n to this extremity, --
No, no! it is that hateful fiend, her brother,
Who for his damm'd desires and my dishonour
Hath urged her on. -- The blood from his shorn trunk 30

Shall to mine eyes be as the gushing fount
To the parch'd pilgrim. — Blood! but that his rank
Forbids such execution, his marr'd carcass,
A trampled mass — a spectacle of horror,
Should ——— The detested traitor!

(Noise at the door.)

Who is there? 35

Juan De Creda. (without.) Juan de Creda: pray undo thy door.

Ras. No, not to thee; not even to thee, De Creda.

Juan. (without.) Nay, but thou must, or fail in honest truth.

I have thy promise once again to see me
Ere thy revengeful purpose take effect; 40
Yea, and I hold thee to it.

Ras. Turn from my door, for thou since then hast seen me,
And hast no further claim.

Juan. (without.) Tamper not so unfairly with thy words; 45

I saw thee as the forest peasant sees
A hunted tiger passing to his lair.
Is this sufficient to acquit thee? No;
I claim thy promise still, as unredeem'd.
Unbar thy chamber door, and let me in.

Ras. (opening the door, and as Juan enters.)

Come in, come in then, if it must be so. 50
Is misery a pleasant sight to thee,
That thou dost pray and beg to look upon it?

Juan. Forgive me, brave Rasinga, if I say,
The mis'ry of thine alter'd face, to me
Is sight more welcome than a brow composed 55
But 'tis again to change that haggard face
To the composure of a peaceful mind,
That I am come. -- O deign to listen to me!
Let me beseech thee not to wreck thy happiness
For fell revenge!

Ras. Well, well; and were it so, 60
I wreck my happiness to save my honour.

Juan. To save thine honour?

Ras. Yes; the meanest slave
That turns the stubborn soil with dropping brow,
Would hold an outraged unrevenged chief
As more contemptible than torpid reptile 65
That cannot sting the foot which treads upon it.

Juan. When fear or sordid motives are imputed
As causes why revenge hath been forborne,
Contempt will follow, from the natural feelings
Of every breast, or savage or instructed. 70
But when the valiant and the generous pardon,
Ev'n instantly as lightning rends the trunk
Of the strong Nahagaha, pride o' the wood,
A kindred glow of admiration passes

Through every manly bosom, proving surely, 75
That men are brethren, children of one sire,
The Lord of heaven and earth.

Rag. Perplex me not with vain and lofty words,
Which to the stunn'd ear of an injur'd man
Are like the fitful sounds of a swollen torrent, 80
Noble, but void of all distinctive meaning.

Juan. Their meaning is distinct as well as noble;
Teaching to forward man the will of God.

Rag. And who taught thee to know this will of God?

Juan. Our sacred Scripture.

Rag. What? your Christian Scripture, 85
Which, as I have been told, hath bred more discord
Than all the other firebrands of the earth,
With church oppose'd to church and sect to sect,
In fierce contention; ay, fell bloody strife.
Certes, if all from the same book be taught, 90
Its words may have, as I before have said,
A noble sound, but no distinctive meaning.

Juan. That which thou hast been told of shameful discord,
Perversely drawn from the pure source of peace,
Is true; and yet it is a book of wisdom, 95
Whose clear, important, general truths may guide
The simplest and the wisest; Truths which still
Have been by every church and sect acknowledged.

Ras. And what, I pray, are these acknowledged precepts
Which they but learn, it seems, to disobey? 100

Juan. The love of God, and of that blessed Being,
Sent in his love to teach his will to men;
Imploing them their hearts to purify
From hatred, wrong, and ev'ry sensual excess,
That in a happier world, when this is past, 105
They may enjoy true blessedness forever.

Ras. Then why hold all this coil concerning that
Which is so plain, and excellent, and acknowledged?

Juan. Because they have in busy restless zeal
Rais'd to importance slight and trivial parts; 110
Contending for them, till they have at last
Believ'd them of more moment, ev'n than all
The plain and lib'ral tenor of the whole.
As if we should maintain a wart or mole
To be the main distinctions of a man, 115
Rather than the fair brow and upright form, --
The graceful, general lineaments of nature.

Ras. This is indeed most strange: how hath it been?

Juan. The Scripture lay before them like the sky
With all its glorious stars, in some smooth pool 120
Clearly reflected, till in busy idleness,
Like children gath'ring pebbles on its brink,
Each needs must cast his mite of learning in

To try its depth, till sky and stars, and glory,
Become one wrinkled maze of wild confusion. 125
But that good Scripture and its blesses Author
Stand far and far apart from all this coil,
As the bright sky from the distorted surface
Of broken waters wherein it was imaged.

Ras. And this good Scripture does, as thou believest, 130
Contain the will of God.

Juan. I do believe it.

And therein is a noble duty taught,
To pardon injuries, -- to pardon enemies.

Ras. I do not doubt it. 'Tis an easy matter
For holy sage or prophet in his cell, 135
Who lives aloof from wrongs and injuries
Which other men endure, to teach such precepts.

Juan. Most justly urged: but he who utter'd this
Did not enforce it at a rate so easy.
Though proved by many good and marv'llous acts 140
To be the mission'd Son of the Most High
He meekly bore the wrongs of wicked men;
And, in the agonies of crucifixion,
The cruel death he died, did from his cross
Look up to heaven in earnest supplication 145
Ev'n for the men who were inflicting on him
Those shameful suff'rings, -- pardon ev'n for them.

Ras. (bowing his head, and covering his face with his hands.)

Indeed, indeed, this was a noble Being.

Juan. Ay, brave Rasinga; ireful as thou art,

Thou hast a heart to own such excellence. 150

(Laying his hand soothingly on Rasinga's.)

And do consider too how he who wrong'd thee, --

The youthful Samarkoon ---

Ras. (shaking off his hand impatiently.) Name not the Villain.

Juan. That epithet belongs not to a youth,

Who in the fever'd madness of strong passion,

By beauty kindled, goaded by despair, 155

Perhaps with sympathy, for that he deem'd

A sister's sorrows ----

Ras. Hold thy peace, De Creda;

Thy words exasperate and stir within me

The half-spent flames of wrath.

He is a villain, an audacious villain; 160

A most ungrateful, cunning, artful villain.

Leave me, I charge thee, lest thou utter that

Which might provoke me to unseemly outrage,

I owe my life to thee, and but for that ---- 165

Leave me, I charge thee.

Juan. I do not fear what thou may'st do to me.

Ras. Nay but I fear it, therefore quit ~~me~~ instantly.

Out, out! (Opening the door and pushing him away.)

Hol Ehleypoolie! ye who wait without,

I want your presence here. (Exit Juan.) 170

(Enter Ehleypoolie and Mihdoony.)

Ehl. (after having waited some time to receive the commands of his master, who without noticing him walks about the chamber in violent agitation.)

My Lord, we humbly wait for your commands. (Aside to Mihdoony.)

He heeds us not: as though we were not here. (aloud.)

We humbly wait, my Lord, to know your pleasure.

Ras. My pleasure is -----

(stopping and looking bewildered.)

I know not what it is.

Mih. Perhaps, my Lord, you wish to countermand 175

Some orders that regard the executions,

Fix'd for to-morrow, at an hour so early.

Ras. When did Rasinga countermand his orders,

So call'd for, and so given? -- Why wait ye here?

Ehl. You call'd for us, my Lord; and well you know 180

That Ehleypoolie hath a ready aptness

For -----

Ras. Boasting, fooling, flattery, and lies.

Be gone, I say; I did not call for you.

At least I meant it not.

(Turns away hastily and Exit by another door.)

Ehl. For boasting, fooling, flattery, and lies! 185

How angry men pervert all sber judgment!

If I commend myself, who like myself

Can know so well my actual claims to praise?

Mih. Most true, for surely no one else doth know it.

Ehl. And fooling is an angry name for wit. 190

Mih. Thy wit is fooling, therefore it should seem

Thy fooling may be wit. Then for thy flattery,

What dost thou say to that?

Ehl. Had he dislik'd it,

It had been dealt to him in scantier measure.

And lies — to hear a prince whose fitful humours 195

Can mar or make the vassals who surround him,

Name this as special charge on any one!

His violent passions have reduced his judgment

to very childishness.

Mih. But dost thou think the fierceness of his wrath 200

Will make him really bring to execution

A wife who has so long and dearly loved him?

Ehl. How should I know what he will really do?

The words he spoke to me ev'n now may show thee

His judgment is obscured. But if he do 205

Where is the harm when faded wives are cross

And will not live in quietness with a younger.

To help them on a step to their Newane?

She never favor'd me, that dame Artina,
And I foresaw she would not come to good.

210

(Exeunt.)

Scene II. -- A Large Court of Open Space with Every
Thing Prepared for the Execution of Samarkoon: A seat
of State Near the Front of the Stage.

Spectators and Guards discovered.

First Spec. There is a mass of life assembled here.

All eyes, no voice; there is not even the murmur
of stifled whispers. -- deep and solemn silence!

Second Spec. Hush, hush, Artina comes, and by her side

Her son in the habiliments of one

5

Prepared for death. This surely cannot be:

It is impossible.

First Spec.

I hope it is.

Enter Artina and Samar, with Sabawatte on the one side
of them, and Juan De Credo on the other; attendants
following.

Art. Alas, for thee, my noble generous child!

Samar. Fear not for me, dear mother! Lean upon me.

Nay, let me feel your hand press'd on my shoulder, 10

Press'd more upon me still. It pleases me,

weak as I am, to think I am thy prop.

Art. O what a prop thou would'st have been to me!

And what a creature for a loathly grave, --

For death to prey upon! — Turn, turn! Oh, turn! 15

Advance no further on this dreadful path.

Samar. I came not here to turn; and for the path,
And what it leads to, if you can endure it,
Then so can I: — feat not for me, dear mother!
Nay, do not fear at all; 'twill soon be over. 20

Art. Oh, my brave heart! my anguish and my pride,
Even on the very margin of the grave. ———
Good Sabawatte! hold him; take him from me.

Sab. I cannot, madam; and De Credo says,
'Tis best that you should yield to his desire. 25

Art. It is a fearful — an appalling risk,

Sab. Is there aught else that you would charge me with?

Art. Yes, dearest friend, there is — it is my last.

Let not my little daughters know of this;
They are too young to miss me. Little Moora 30

Will soon forget that she has seen my face;
Therefore whoso'er is kind to them they'll love.

Say this to her, who will so shortly fill
Their mother's place, and she will pity them.

Add, if thou wilt, that I such gentle dealings 35
Expected from her hands, and bade thee teach them
To love and honour her.

Sab. My heart will burst in uttering such words.

Art. Yet for my sake thou'lt do it; wilt thou not?

(Sabawatte motions assent, but cannot speak.)

Enter Samarkoon, chained and guarded.

Art. (rushing on to meet him.) My brother, my young

Samarkoon, my brother, 40

Whom I so lov'd in early, happy days;

Thou top and blossom of my father's house!

Sam. Weep not, my sister, death brings sure relief;

And many a brave man's son has died the death

That now abideth me. 45

Art. Alas! ere that bright sun which shines so brightly

Shall reach his noon, of my brave father's race

No male descendant shall remain alive, --

Not one to wear the honours of his name,

And I the cursed cause of all this wreck! 50

Oh, what was I, that I presumptuously

Should think to keep his undivided heart!

'Twer better I had liv'd a drudge, -- a slave,

To do the meanest service of his house,

Than to see thee thus, my hapless, noble brother. 55

Sam. Lament not, gentle sister; to have seen thee

Debased and scorn'd, and that most wond'rous creature.

Whose name I will not utter, made the means

Of vexing thee -- it would have driven me frantic.

Then do not thus lament; nor think that I 60

Of aught accuse thee. Let us now take leave,

In love most dearly link'd, which only death
Has power to sever. ----

(to Samar, as first observing him.)

Boy, why art thou here?

Samar. To be my mother's partner and companion.

'Tis meet; for who but me should cling to her? 65

Enter Rasinga, and places himself in the seat:

A deep silence follows for a considerable time.

Mih. (who has kept guard with his spearmen over Samarkoon,

Now approaching Rasinga.) The hour

is past, my Lord, which was appointed;

And you commanded me to give you notice.

Is it your pleasure that the executioners

Proceed to do their office on the prisoners,

Who are all three prepared?

Ras. What dost thou say? 70

Mih. The three prepared for death abide your signal.

Ras. There are but two.

Mih. Forgive opposing words, there is a third.

Ras. A third, say'st thou? and who?

Mih. Your son, my Lord;

A volunteer for death, whom no persuasion 75

Can move to be divided from his mother.

Ras. I cannot credit this; it is some craft, --
Some poor device. Go, bring the boy to me.

(Hindoony leads Samar to his father.)

Why art thou here, my child?, and is it so,
That thou dost wish to die?

80

Samar. I wish to be where'er my mother is,
Alive or dead.

Ras. Think well of what thou say'st!
It shall be so if thou indeed desire it.
But be advised; death is a dreadful thing.

Samar. They say it is; but I will be with her;
I'll die her death, and feel but what she suffers.

85

Ras. And art thou not afraid? Thou'rt ignorant;
Thou dost not know the misery of drowning; --
The booming waters closing over thee,
And thou still sinking, struggling in the tank,
On whose deep bottom, weeds and water snakes,
And filthy lizards will around thee twine.
Whilst thou art choking. It is horrible.

90

Samar. The death that is appointed for my mother
Is good enough for me. We'll be together;

95

Clinging to her I shall not be afraid.
No, nor will she.

Ras. But wherefore wilt thou leave thy father, Samar?
Thou'st not offended me; I love thee dearly;
I have no son but thee.

Samar.

But thou wilt soon.

100

Thy new young wife will give thee soon another,

And he will be thy son; but I will be

Son of Artina. We'll be still together:

When in the form of antelope or loorie,

She wends her way to Boodhoo, I shall still

105

Be as her young-one, sporting by her side.

Ras. (catching him in his arms and bursting into tears)

My generous boy! my noble valliant boy!

O such a son bestowed on such a father!

Live, noble creature! and thy mother also!

Her crime is pardon'd if it was a crime;

110

Ye shall not be divided.

Samar. (running back to Artina.) O mother! raise your

eyes! you are to live;

We're both to live, my father says we are.

And he has wept and he has kiss'd me too,

As he was wont to do, ay, fonder far.

115

Come, come! (Pulling her towards Rasinga.)

He's good, you need not fear him now.

Ras. Artina, that brave child has won thy life;

And he hath won for me --- I have no words

That can express what he hath won for me.

But thou art sad and silent; how is this,

120

With life and such a son to make life sweet?

Art. I have a son, but my brave father, soon, --
Who died an honour'd death, and in his grave
Lies like an honour'd chief, -- will have no son,
No male descendant, living on the earth 125
To keep his name and lineage from extinction.
(Rasinga throws himself into his seat and buries
his face in his mantle.)

First Spec. (in a low voice.) Well timed and wisely spoken:
'tis a woman,
Worthy to be the mother of that boy.

Second Spec. (in a low voice to the first.)
Look, look, I pray thee, how Rasinga's breast
Rises and falls beneath its silken vesture. 130

First Spec. (as before.) There is within a dreadful conflict
passing,
Known by these tokens, as swollen waves aloft
Betray the secret earthquake's deep-pent struggles.

Second Spec. (as before.) But he is calmer now, and puts away
The cover from his face: he seems relieved. 135

Ras. (looking round him.) Approach, De Creda; thou hast
Stood aloof:
Thou feel'st my late rude passion and unkindness.
Misery makes better men than ne unkind;
But pardon me and I will make amends,
I would not listen to thy friendly council, 140

But now I will most freely grant to thee

Whatever grace or favour thou desirest.

Even now before thou nam'st it.

Juan. Thanks, thanks, Rasinga! this is brave amends.

(Runs to Samarkoon and commands his chains to be knocked off, and speaking impatiently as it is doing.)

Out on such tardy bungling! Ye are craftsmen 145

Who know full well the art to bind men's limbs,

But not to set them free.

(Leads Samarkoon when unbound towards Rasinga, speaking to him as they go.)

Come, noble Samarkoon! nay, look more gracious:

If thou disdain'st to thank him for thy life,

That falls to me, and I will do it gladly. 150

(Presenting Samarkoon to Rasinga.)

This is the boon which thou hast granted me,

The life of Samarkoon: a boon more precious

To him who grants than who received it. Yet

Take my most ardent thanks; take many thanks

From other grateful bosoms, bearing near thee. 155

Art. (Kneeling to embrace the knees of Rasinga.)

And mine; O mine! wilt thou not look upon me?

I do not now repine that thou art changed:

Be happy with another fairer dame,

It shall not grieve me now.

Ras. (raising her.) Away, Artina! do not thank me thus. 160
Remove her Samarkoon, a little space. (Waving them off.)
Juan De Creda, art thou satisfied?
Have I done well?

Juan. Yes, I am satisfied.

Ras. (drawing himself up with dignity.)

But I am not: and that which I have done
Would not have satisfied the generous Saviour 165
Who died upon the cross. -- Thy friend is pardon'd,
And more than pardon'd; -- he is now my brother,
And I to him resign the mountain bride.
(A shout of joy bursts from all around: Artina folds
Samar to her breast, and Samarkoon falls at the feet of
Rasinga.)

Sam. My noble generous foe, whom I have wrong'd,
Urged by strong passions, wrong'd most grievously! 170
Now may I kneel to thee without disgrace,
For thou hast bound me with those bands of strength
That do ennoble, not disgrace the bravest.

Ras. Rise, Samarkoon; I do accept thy thanks,
Since that which I resign is worth -- But cease! 175
Speak not of this -- if it be possible,
We'll think of this no more.

(turning to Artina.)

And now, my only and my noble wife,
And thou, my dauntless boy, stand by my side,
And I, so flank'd, will feel myself in honour, -- 180
Honour which lifts and warms and cheers the heart.
And we shall have a feast within our walls;

Our good De Greda, he will tarry with us;
He will not go tomorrow, as he threaten'd.

Juan. I'll stay with you a day beyond the time, 185
And then I must depart: A pressing duty
Compels me so to do.

Ras. But thou'lt return again, and bring with thee
The Sacred Book which thou hast told me of?

Juan. I will return again and bring that Book, 190
If Heaven permit. But man's uncertain life
Is like a rain-drop hanging on the bough,
Amongst ten thousand of its sparkling kindred,
The remnants of some passing thunder shower,
Who have their moments, dropping one by one, 195
And which shall soonest lose its per'lous hold
We cannot guess.---

I, on the Continent, must for a time
A wand'rer be; if I return no more,
You may conclude death has prevented me. 200

(Enter Montehesa.)

Ras. Ha, mother! welcome, welcome Montebesa!

There, take again your daughter and her boy.

We've striven stoutly with a fearful storm,

But thanks to good De Creda, it is part:

And all the brighter shall our sky appear, 205

For that the clouds which have obscured its face,

Were of a denseness dark and terrible.

The Scene closes.

NOTES in 1832 edition following the text of The Bride.

Note I, p. 421.

With bleeding limbs drain'd by a hundred leeches.

Very small leeches which infest many of the woods of Ceylon, and
torment travellers.

Note II, p. 423

Doombra's mountain ridge,

Dividing ardent heat from chilling clouds,

A high mountainous ridge in Ceylon, where the one side is sunny,
clear, and warm, the other cloudy, wet, and cold.

Note III, p. 425.

E'en like Nivane when the virtuous soil,

The final reward of the virtuous after death, according to the
Boddhoo religion, is perfect rest or insensibility; and
that state, or the region in which it takes place, is
called Nivane.

Note IV, p. 430.

When Boddhoo's rays, beneath the noon's blue dome,

Bright rays which appear in the middle of the day surpassing the
brightness of the sun, and are supposed to foretell
evil.

Note V, p. 432.

Oh Kattragam, terrific deity.

The name of the Cingalese Spirit of Evil, or God of Destruction.

ADDITIONAL NOTES. Notes on the Preface.

The Martyr. Both The Martyr and The Bride were translated into Singhalese; but we find no record of either drama having been professionally acted.

Cingalese language.

Singhalese, or Sinhalese, is a modern Indian dialect spoken in the South of Ceylon. Ramil, a Dravidian dialect, is the language of the northern part of the island. Singhalese is allied to a division of Prakrit and to the Pali (Middle Indian dialects). Singhalese seems to have come from the North west of India. It is more different from Prakrit and Pali than are most modern Indian dialects. Maldine and a jargon of the Rodiyas (slang of the standard language) are dialects of Singhalese. The Kandiyans resemble the Singhalese in language.

Now International Encyclopedia.

Alexander Johnston, who lived in Ceylon many years and gained distinction as Chief Justice of that island, brought about the resolutions for gradual abolition of slavery which dated

from August 12, 1816, and the right of the natives to trial by native juries. The native jury was a success.

Asiatic Journal)
) June 1827. p. 807-814.
Vol. 23.)

Brougham's speech on the Present State of The Law was not available for me at the time of this edition but I read the account of Judicial Improvements in Ceylon in The Asiatic Journal above referred to.

Bishop Heber (1783-1826) was a missionary to Ceylon and India from the Anglican church. He wrote the widely known hymn, From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

The following excerpt from Southey's Ode on the Portrait of Bishop voices a veneration that many felt for the missionary:

"The Malabar, the Moor, the Cingalese,
Though unillumed by faith
Yet not the less admired
The virtue that they saw.

.

Yes, to the Christian, to the Heathen world,
Heber, thou art not dead, - thou canst not die!"

Robert Southey, Works, p. 257 ff.

Hannah More's Dramas.

The sacred dramas, Belshazzar, Moses in the Bulrushes, David and Goliath, and Daniel, which Hannah More had written for children, were translated into Singhalese at the instigation of Alexander Johnston who sent Mrs. More a Singhalese copy of "Moses in the Bulrushes" made on palm leaves in a beautifully painted wooden case.

Hannah More was requested to write a poem in commemoration of gradual abolition of slavery in Ceylon beginning August 12, 1816. The poem was written in English and translated by two native priests who had studied in England.

"Candian country" ---

The "Candian" or Kandyan country is in the southern or most mountainous region of Ceylon. Kandy, a town, is in south central Ceylon.

"Adigar" ---

The office of Adigar in Kandy seems to second only to that of king. In 1812 Eheylapola was raised to the place of Adigar. It was the younger son of this Adigar who suggested little Samar to Miss Baillie.

Origin of Names and Events -

Miss Baillie doubtless read newspapers accounts of

Ceylon, and may have read a pamphlet published in 1815, called "A Narrative of Events which have recently occurred in Ceylon, written by a gentleman on the spot; London, Egerton, 1815."

Miss Baillie must have known that in 1814 an Adigar, Eheylapola, revolted against the Kandian king, and that Eheylapola's ^{wife} was drowned after seeing her children beheaded. It is probable that "Ehleypoolie" of The Bride was suggested by the "Eheylapola" of 1814, who died in exile in 1829.

Raja Singha, "the Lion King," is a common name among rulers of Ceylon. Raja Singha was the son of Maaya Dumnai (called "Madaine" by the Portuguese). Raja Singha II in 1664 caused his son, a boy of twelve years, to be poisoned, to prevent treason.¹

My theory is that Miss Baillie shortened "Raja Singha" to "Rasinga", and changed "Madaine" to "Mihdoony." She may have invented the other names or used those found elsewhere.

Act I, Scene 1, Setting.

Castle - Ceylon in 1828, had temples and a few palaces built of stone; but private homes were made of sun dried mud and thatch. A temporary, tent-like structure

1. Tennent, Ceylon, Vol. II, p. 49, 50.

Was made from a large palm leaf. The Castle of this play is English and medieval in character; but it plays an important part in the setting of The Bride, other references being:

Act I, Scene iv, -- A Retired Grove Near the Castle of Rasinga.

" II, " i, -- The Castle of Samarkoon, . . .

" II, " ii, -- The Hall or Principal Room of the Castle.

" II, " iii, -- The Court of the Castle.

" II, " iv, -- An Open Space Before the Gate of the Castle; . .

" II, " iv, -- ff. line 42, -- Rasinga -- enters the Castle.

NOTES on The Bride

Act I, Scene i, line 3, treasure. Miss Baillie, like many Romantic Movement poets, had an abundance of lines with weak endings. Some other examples from this scene are:

" " " " 5, traffic.

" " " " 9, Omen.

" " " " 18, folly.

" " " " 20, followers.

" " " " 22, mountains.

" " " " 23, warfare.

" " " " 25, leeches.

Act I, Scene i, line 26, adventures.

" " " " " 29, Rasinga.

" " " " " 33, second.

" " " " " 37, orders.

Miss Baillie aimed at Shakespearan blank verse; but at times her poetry sounds more like the heroic couplet except that it lacks rhyme at the end of the lines.

" " " " " 7, twisted shell -

Eight double columned pages give Tennent's list of species of shells found in Ceylon.

Tennent, Ceylon, Vol. I,
p. 236 - 243.

The shell is common in poetry of this period. This figure of speech calls to one's mind Holmes' Chambered Nautilus.

" " " " " 8, bending ear . bended ear 1853 ed.

Bending, in this case, means inclining or turning in a certain direction! Miss Baillie uses "bent" with similar meaning in Wallace XXII 'And to the wild woods bent his speed.'

N.E.D., Vol.II, p. 798.

Act I, Scene 1, line 9, omen - The "evil omen" suggests the impending tragedy. Miss Baillie refers many times in The Bride, to the superstitions of the natives.

The natives think that the Tamarind tree has the "coolest" shade of any tree in Ceylon; and that the coco-nut will not grow out of sound of the human voice, and would die if the village where it had previously thrived became deserted."

Tennent, Ceylon, Vol. I,
p. 19.

Another superstition is that if a bullock in being killed by a leopard, falls on its right side, the leopard will not eat it.

Ibid., p. 140

" " " " " 13, Forest birds - There are many varieties of birds in the forests of Ceylon. The Bride would be richer in diction had Miss Baillie named more birds specifically instead of calling them by the general term "forest" birds.

Such indefinite terms are characteristic of the Eighteenth Century. &c.,

" 2 " 111, " 13, Forest birds .

" II, " 11, " 52, sav'ry viands.

Act	II,	Scene	iv,	line	51,	a sea-bird.
"	"	"	vii,	"	62,	forest boughs.
"	"	"	"	"	63,	rooted herbage.
"	"	"	"	"	65,	rock-crested palm.
"	"	"	ix,	"	1,	prettiest plaything.
"	III,	"	ii,	"	57,	wond'rous creature.
"	"	"	"	"	109,	noble creature.

" I, " 1, line 25, leeches - "very small leeches which infest many of the woods of Ceylon and torment travellers."

Joanna Baillie's Works, 1853 ed.
p. 667 note.

The land leeches of Ceylon do not visit "ponds or streams. In size they are about an inch in length, and as fine as a common knitting needle; but capable of distension till they equal a quill in thickness, and attain a length of nearly two inches. Their structure is so flexible that they can insinuate themselves through the meshes of the finest stocking, not only seizing on the feet and ankles, but ascending to the back and throat and fasten-

ing on the tenderest parts of the body"

-- The natives smear themselves with lemon juice, tobacco ashes, or oil to stop the flow of blood caused by the leeches. Lemon juice seems to quicken the healing of the wounds. If the victim has good blood the wounds usually heal but impure blood may result in ulcers, and even death.

Tennent, Ceylon, Vol. I,
p. 303-5.

Act I, Scene 1, line 51, Sorcery - Note how Miss Baillie makes use of the superstition of the natives of Ceylon. Artina's excellence is exhibited here. Only "some charm of sorcery" could (in the mind of the natives) hold a husband to one "good wife, for a good term of years". Here, too, is found the beginning of the lesson which Joanna Baillie hoped to bring to the natives of Ceylon -- the blessings of monogamy.

Act I, Scene 1, line 33, sultana - Though this is a correct term for an oriental queen in some countries it seems a little unusual for Ceylon. Tennent, in his Ceylon, uses the terms "queen" and "wife of the adigar".

" " " " " 41, daring robbers. Note the use of the "flat" adjective with a noun. i.e., an adjective that is too obvious. A robber would naturally be "daring". Some outstanding examples of this are:

" " " 11 " 1, gliding fish.
" " " " " 15, waxen cell.
" " " " " 164, trackless deserts.
" " " "" " 204, ruffian robbers.
" " " 111, " 11, tangled thicket.
" " " " " 12, supple trunk.
" " " " " 29, brinded tiger.
" II, " ii, " 59, rude outrage.
" " " " " 114, fell demons.
" " " v, " 23, pond'rous elephant.
" " " vi, " 25, lawless spoilers.
" III, " i, " 7, simple fool.

Many Eighteenth Century writers cheapened their verse by the use of such "flat" adjectives.

Act I, Scene 1, line 44, robbers. Ceylon actually had many robbers. See note on Kattragam, Act II, Scene viii, line 5. One ruler, believing all robbery due to desire for money, made it a practice to give to everyone who asked for money, to avoid being robbed.

Tennont.

The "Bandit Drama" is conspicuous in 19th Century literature. Schiller's The Robbers belongs to this class. There are so many references to robbers, bandits, etc., in The Bride that one wonders if Miss Baillie thought only of robbers of Ceylon or if she did not choose a type popular in English drama. The following references to the robber in The Bride place it among "Bandit" dramas of the era:

- " " " " " 41, "Daring robbers.
- " " " ii, " 204, ruffian robbers.
- " " " iii, " 24, mountain robbers.
- " " " iv, stage directions, freebooter.
- " " " " " line 12, all robber.
- " " " " " 19, armed desperadoes.
- " " " " " 29, no braver bandits.

Act II, Scene iii, line 6, glutton bandits.

" " " " " 16, drunken thieves.

" " " iv, " 2, Robber.

" " " vi, " 10, (robbers.
(spoiler.

" " " " " 25, spoiler.

" " " " " 53, spoiler.

Act I, Scene i, line 49, The lady's veil. -

The question arises "Did the Kandyan or Singhalese women wear veils?" Tennent mentions only jewels, a jacket-like loose garment, and a comboy. As some of the natives are Hindus they may wear veils. The veil is one sign of orientalism in the drama. Miss Baillie refers to it eight times in The Bride.

cf.

" " " " " 49, The lady's veil. --

" " " ii, " 133, robe and veil.

" " " " " 205, unveil'd face.

" II, " " stage directions, covered with a veil.

" " " " line 69, unveiled face.

" " " " ff." 78, veil.

" " " " ff." 80, veil gives way.

" " " " line 81, the silly fence.

Act I, Scene 1, line 63, not - to know, is obsolete.

" " " " " 76, Like the compressure of a coiled boa .

boa - Miss Baillie uses this rather than the
clumsier "boa constrictor."

" " " " " 106, Like a dress'd idol in its carved alcove,

- The Singhalese have many idols represent-
ing Buddha. These are made of different
materials, wood, stone and formerly, even
of gold. The richest idols were dressed
and had jewels for eyes, and to enrich
curls and clothing. The idols were often
kept in an alcove of a Wihara made of stone
on which designs were carved.

" " " " " 109, trampling elephant - The elephant of Cey-
lon is given 133 pages in Vol. II of Tennent's
Ceylon. A Kandyan chief told Mr. Tennent that
he had seen a criminal trampled by an ele-
phant. The elephant placed his foot on the
victim then plucked away each limb with sud-
den motions of his trunk.

References to the elephant in The Bride.

" " " " " 109, trampling elephant.

" " " 111, " 13, wild elephant.

Act II, Scene v, line 21, The vilest carcass, trampled under foot

Of pond'rous elephant, --

" III, " i, " 33-34, . . . his marr'd carcass, a trampled
mass

" I, " " lines 1-16, Song. The lyric was common in English literature from the time of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Among others, Congreve, Sheridan, Browning, and Scott used it.

" " " " line 15, earthquake. Ceylon is freer from earthquakes than are many islands, equally mountainous, of the same latitude.

" " " ii, " 43, sort ill together - go ill together. sort meaning to consort.

" " " " " 44, lorie - The lorie is a bird which has been called "the king parrot." It is a "parrot-like bird of brilliant plumage, chiefly bristle-tongued and belonging to the family Loriinae, found in South-eastern Asia, the Asiatic Archipelago and

Australia." . . .

Act I, Scene ii, line 44, spotted pard - a leopard. Pard is still used in poetry but is archaic as a prose word.

Miss Baillie may have known that Ceylon had an all black leopard (as it has) or she may have used "spotted" here as she used "brinded" in Act I, scene iii, line 29.

" " " " " 81, Doombra's Mountain . See text note II.

Joanna Baillie Works, 1832 ed. p. 433.

Doombera Peak is but a few miles west of Kandy, in South Central Ceylon.

" " " " " 114, rock bird - a bird that haunts rocks; a puffin; --- a 'cock of the rock.'

N.E.D. VIII O-R p.743.

The rockbird or Roc bird and the Roc bird's eggs are common in oriental tales such as "Arabian Nights".

" " " " " 22. line 114, Enter Artina, gayly, with an em-
broidered scarf - - -

The "spirits of the Peak" must "have done this work", for a scarf was an unusual art-

icle of wearing apparel for a Singhalese women. Excepting jewelry, a comb and jacket were all she ordinarily wore.

Tennent, Ceylon, Vol. II, p.107.

Act I, Scene ii, line 116, Spirits of the Peak . This sounds more like Scotland than Ceylon. However, it may refer to the spirits of Buddha and Adam, on Adam's Peak.

" " " " " 133, robe and veil . See note on Act I, Scene ii, ff. line 114. It is difficult to imagine a Singhalese woman dressed in "robe and veil and pall majestic".

" " " " " 154, Certain - Old French for certainly, in truth, verily. (archaic)

An Old French word is a rather strange choice for a Singhalese drama. It shows the 18th Century French influence upon English literature.

" " " " " " Europe is a wond'rous kingdom. This is a happy touch in its haziness; for at the time this play was written the people of Ceylon

did not have a clear idea of Europe. cf. Act
II, Scene v, lines 48-51.

Act I, Scene ii, line 164, ff. "trackless deserts,

Where locusts, ants, and lizards poorly thrive, --

The natives could understand this desert
description because in the lowlands there are
burning droughts in March and April. During
this period mirages of water may be seen.

" " " " " 196, May, do not wring thy hands, --

Wringing the hands was a device used by
the sentimentalists to show agitation. cf.
note on Act II, Scene ii, line 98. In spite
of these references to tears, etc., I would
not call The Bride a sentimental drama.

" " " " " 207, "stricken'd" - suggests fever.

Malaria occurs chiefly at the foot of
mountains on wooded slopes and in the vi-
cinity of some active rivers.

" " " " " 219, "Nivane" . See text note III.

"Nirvana or Nirwana, in Buddhist theology,
means the extinction of individual existence

and absorption into the supreme spirit, or the extinction of all desires and passions, and attainment of perfect beatitude."

NED. Vol. VI, N-O.

Nirvana is exhaustion and almost destruction of existence. The word "Nirvana" comes from Sanskrit "ni & wana" without, or loss of desire, and Singhalese newanawa, to extinguish.

Tennent, Ceylon, Vol. I, p. 529.

Act I, Scene iii, line 6, Our palanquin with all its colour'd streamers,

It is possible that in time of festival a palanquin in Ceylon was decorated with streamers; but starched cotton, which was used for robes of the Kandyan chiefs, would scarcely make graceful streamers, to say the least.

" " " " " 8, Crested Maneka - probably a bird of the species manacus coronatus - a species of parrot.

Catalog of Brit. Mus., Vol. XIV,
p. 813.

Act I, Scene iii, lines 10-11, pioneers - The writers of the Romantic movement were interested in pioneers for the new and exciting regions and peoples that they discovered. Many Englishmen were pioneers in Ceylon. The word "pioneers" belongs to the England of Miss Baillie's era, rather than to Ceylon.

" " " " " 11-13, Av, pioneers, who through a tangled thicket
Make room as quickly as the supple trunk
Of a wild elephant.

Elephants sometimes uproot young trees.
Miss Baillie seems to have in mind the elephant that has never been tamed.

" " " " " 20, As meek and modest as a Padus's child.

"Padus" is probably Singhalese. The meaning is obscure.

" " " " " 27, nowing monkeys - grimacing, mocking monkeys.
Monkeys are said to tease dogs and children and even to kill a small child. The little animals usually worry their victim then scamper to the tops of palm trees where they

roll themselves up so they cannot be
readily seen.

Act I, Scene iii, line 28, Antic mimic motions . Miss Baillie seems
to have observed monkeys.

" " " " " 29, brindled tiger . The Bengal" tiger is very
rare in Ceylon; the leopard or "cheetah" be-
ing much more common and less dangerous.

" " " " " 37, pipes and doulas . Pipes or any kind of
wind instrument except chank shells were not
common in Ceylon but drums were plentiful.

"Doulas, a kind of drums, beat on one end
by the hand and on the other with a stick."
Joanna Baillie, Works, 1853 ed. p. 671.

There instruments were "loud and clear"
perhaps, but not melodious.

" " " " " 51, extacy - ecstasy - goven over to an engross-
ing emotion.

ecstasy - 1853 ed.

" " " " " 45-49, The "moon simile" is common in early 19th
Century poetry. Among other poetry on the
moon we recall Keat's Endymion.

Act I, Scene iii, ff. line 53, slave. Slavery probably entered Ceylon through India. It left in 1845 by order of the British. Gradual emancipation dates from 1816 when it was proclaimed that all children born in Ceylon after that date should be free. Prior to 1845, in the Kandyan country slaves were retainers in the house of their chief. As no slave holder seriously objected to emancipation of slavery it may be concluded that slave labor did not greatly pay. The work was usually light and the slaves were generally well treated - more as vassals than slaves.

" " " " " line 67, We may wonder why Artina's little daughters do not speak. The younger may be excused as not being old enough to talk much. But surely the elder could have spoken to the father who had been her "playmate". It looks as though Miss Baillie were afraid that she could not handle properly a child's conversation, or that she feared such speech would lessen the tragic effect.

" " " " " line 67, ch. Act III, Scene ii, line 30-35.

Moora. Neither little Moora nor her sis-

ter are well drawn. They might as well be dolls for all that they do or say; but they are in the play to excite more pity for Artina and the children, and to cause indignation against polygamy.

Act. I, Scene III, Line 100, When their poor mother moulders in the grave.

Some natives of Ceylon burned their dead, some of the more primitive simply covered their dead with leaves, etc. But the Singhalese by 1828 might easily have adopted the Christian manner of burial had they not done so before.

" " " " " 101-102, When her vexed spirit, in some other form Is on its way to gain the dreamless sleep.

The Buddhists believe in transmigration of the soul, as well as in Nirvana.

" " " " " 109, So to implore thy pity - me and mine.

The 1853 edition reads, "So to implore thy pity - I and mine."

" " " IV, " 10, push an attack, a vigorous onset, a de-

terminated effort to get on"; enterprise, especially that which is inconsiderate of the rights of others."

NED. Vol. VII, Plunging-Pyxis,
p. 1640.

Act. I, Scene iv, line 13, lurking here disguised . Disguise was often employed by 19th Century Romanticists in their plot. It is doubtful if a Singhalese robber would have taken the trouble to disguise himself.

" " " " " 23, shrill horn . cf., Act I, Scene iii, line 37. The Singhalese sometimes used chank shells as trumpets.

Tennent, Vol. I, p. 500.

" " " " " 24, spear , bow . Even today the more primitive peoples of Ceylon use the bow and arrow.

" " " " " 25, deadly arrows . The Iakabars are said to have poisoned their arrows by drenching them in snake venom.

Tennent, Ceylon, Vol. I, p. 500.

Act I, Scene iv, line 27, paria - panthers, leopards, or ounces.

cf. note on Act I, Scene ii, line 44.

The leopards of Ceylon are not very numerous and usually not very formidable though they have been known to carry off a dog and even a sleeping man. It seldom attacks anyone by day.

Tennent, Ceylon, Vol. I, p.130-140.

" " " " " 42-43, I will but go to leave an offering

At the Wihare yonder, . .

Widharé, 1853 ed.

In Ceylon a Wihara is a temple or monastery. The first resort of priests and devotees seems to have been natural caves. Later, caves were hewn out of rock, then rock temples were built. As the number of priests increased, small individual houses were built. But so many were led to the indolent life of priest, that for economy, groups of such cells were formed into wiharas and monasteries by king Walagambahu.¹ "the name of the Wihara came to designate both the temple and the monastery".²

1. Tennent, Ceylon I, p. 481.

2. Ibid., I, p.349.

Many of the Wiharas were of mud and
thatch undecorated.

Act I, Scene iv, line 52, abide . "To wait for, await; remain ready for;
watch for, expect."

NED., Vol.I, A-Az, p. 19.

" II, " i, " 9, "A bride fair as the goddess bright Patine".
"Patine" 1853 ed. Mr.Lakra says that in India
"Patine" or Pattine" is an ideal, not a real
person. The goddess is borrowed from Brahman
mythology.

" " " ii, State directions. Magic and song . This shows
Italian influence and tendency toward the opera.
Miss Baillie used discretion in placing songs
in her dramas. She was careful to have few
enough to sound natural and to give them to
those with light acting parts. See Introduc-
tion. Structure of the Bride.

" " " " line 35, sorcery and med'cine . Christians were try-
ing to introduce medicine on the island by 1828;
but the natives still clung to sorcery. They
tried to draw the dying back to life by devil
dances. Certain charms or amulets were worn

around the neck or in the hair to prevent attacks by bears, and to prevent sickness.

Act II, Scene ii, line 45-46, amulets - see note above. Charms were worn against evils of witchcraft, and to secure love. As a love charm, the natives removed the intense eyes of the loris (species of monkey) by holding the living animals to a fire until the eyeballs burst.

Tennent, Ceylon, I, p. 134.

" " " " " 51, sav'ry viands. This sounds English but when translated was probably Singhalese in a double sense.

" " " " " 68-69, ... that both have seen
My unveiled face, alas, is my dishonour.
See note under Act I, Scene i, line 49.

Hindu girls were supposed to remain veiled in presence of men other than their near relatives.

" " " " " 98, a tear. This is one of the comparatively few sentimental touches in The Bride. It is conventional and shows continuity of 18th Century sentimentalism, cf.:

tears Act II, scene ii, line 29.

weep not Act III, scene ii, line 42.

tears Act III, scene ii, line ff. 106.

Act II, Scene ii, line 104, coil - noisy disturbance, tumult, turmoil or confusion. "Coil" may have been slang at one time, as is our "row".

" " " " " iii, alack, alack-a-day, originally an expression of dissatisfaction or deprecation, of pity or shame that it should be so. In later usage it means rather, surprise.

" " " " " 137, munner's show - a dumb show. Miss Baillie probably saw munner's shows in England for they were not uncommon in her era.

" " " iii, " ii, power, a fighting force, a host, or army.

" " " " ff. line 18, The alarm bell is rung.

"The alarm bell has rang". 1853 ed.

Rang in 1853 was not yet "fixed" in all forms.

Act II, Scene iv, line 7, widow'd ranny.

"widow'd Rany", 1853 ed.

There are various spellings, e.g., ranee,
ranma, rannee, rani and ranie, - meaning a
Hindu queen.

NED. Vol. VIII, Q-R, p.139.

Act. II, Scene iv, line 31, sea-birds . Miss Baillie shows the 18th
Century tendency to cheapen her verse by using
vague terms. cf., note under Act I, Scene i,
line 13.

" " " " " 39, pioneers - see note on Act I, scene iii,
line 10-11.

" " " " " 39, mallets . Some of the tribes in Ceylon
carry a hatchet as well as a bow. The "mallet"
of The Bride savours of Medievalism in England.

" " " v, Stage Directions. This description is rather vague.
It would fit a Scottish mountain scene almost
as well as it suits Ceylon.

" " " " , Line 19, fair specious seeming - fair or attrac-
tive appearance or character, calculated to
make a favorable impression on the mind, but in
reality devoid of the qualities apparently

possessed."

NED. Vol. IX, S Si-Spe. p. 550.

Act. II, Scene v, Lines 21-22, See note on elephants Act I, Scene i,
line 109.

Being trampled under an elephant's foot seems
to have been a customary punishment for bad
crimes in parts of India and Ceylon before the
English took control.

" " " " " 25, turnitude, - baseness, depravity, or wicked-
ness.

" " " " " ", Suspect thy judgment - be suspicious of your
judgment.

" " " " " 45-51. Ha! then those Europeans whom the sea
Hath cast like fiends upon our eastern shores,
To wrong and spoil and steep the soil with
blood,

Are not compatriots of thy book taught land.

(cf., Act I, Scene ii, line 154.)

While the natives of Ceylon had but a hazy
knowledge of Europe; their impression of the
cruelty of Europeans, judging by the Portuguese

and some English who appressed them, was strong.

The Kandyans, judging by the Portuguese, thought all Europeans cruel; so in 1664, Raja Singha, wishing to inflict the worst possible punishment on one of his ministers, sent him to Colombo to be executed by the Dutch. The Dutch set the minister free.

From note in Tennent's Ceylon, Vol. II,
p. 24.

Act II, Scene v, line 78 ff. Rasinga's anti-Christian argument is fairly modern. In March, 1927, Dr. Cornelius of Lucknow, India, speaking in the Lawrence Christian Church, said that the Orient today feels that when the Occident steps into the Orient to put down rebellion and to Christianize the natives, it is not so much from altruism as from a desire to gain a firmer foothold in the Orient.

" " " vi, line 1, thy busy face - your troubled, worried, or disturbed face.

" " " " " 17, Bookhoo's rays - Buddha's rays.

See note IV ff. the text. The natives probably called the "bright rays" Bookhoo's "because

they thought Buddha sent them as a warning.

Tennent says, "Another luminous phenomenon which sometimes appears in the hill country, consists of beams of light, which intersect the sky, whilst the sun is yet in the ascendant; sometimes horizontally, accompanied by intermitting movements, and sometimes vertically, a broad belt of the blue sky interposing between them. In Ceylon this is doubtless owing to the air holding in suspension a large quantity of vapour, which receives shadows and reflects rays of light." . . . The natives dread the rays except in May, when the rays are not believed to foretell evil.

Tennent, Ceylon, Vol. II, p. 73-74.

Act II, Scene VIII, line 5, Kattragam. See Note V ff. the text.

In many parts of Ceylon the ceremony "the tying of the tender leaf, is performed in honor of Kattragam. To dedicate a branch of fruit to the demon, the owner of a fruit tree ties a band of leaves about the stem he wishes to save. The presumption is that no one will rob the demon of his share of the

so that part will be safe. But the owner of the tree only sacrifices a few of the finest fruits and keeps the rest for himself.

Tennent, Ceylon, I,
p. 540 foot note.

Kattregam is a spirit from Brahman mythology.

Tennent, Ceylon, Vol. I,
p. 542.

Act II, Scene VIII, line 6, Thy stern decrees have compass'd all
this misery.

Compass'd, here means "contrived", "devised",
or "machinated" in a bad sense.

NED. Vol. II, C.

Com. C2, p. 713.

" " " " " 10, unvision'd rest, - dreamless sleep or
state of Nirvana.

" " " " " 13, lose . . . all consciousness, state of
Nirvana following "being" or waking, dream-
ing, and deep sleep.

" " " " " 16, stilly . . . rest, Stilly - characterized
by stillness. The use is chiefly poetical.
As a rest would naturally be stilly, the phrase

may be classed with "cheap" 18th Century expressions.

Act II, Scene viii, line 59, -- there is a secret passage yonder.

19th Century Romanticism abounds with such "surprises" as the secret passage.

" " " " " 60, tutulary idol - an idol having the position of protector, guardian, or patron; one that watches over a particular person, place, or thing.

" " " " " 64, braided reeds, Bulrushes grow in parts of Ceylon and may be used to "braid" or weave.

Act II, Scene ix, line 1, ff., Samar's language is rather stilted for a young child. Note especially the "gog" simile and "Rooms are too good for me when she's in prison."

The child's actions are more natural than his words.

Miss Baillie is not the only 19th Century poet who had difficulty in managing a child's conversation. Browning had the same weakness.

Act II, Scene ix, Line 25 ff., I at her door will live, as my poor dog
Close by my threshold lies and pines and moans
When he's shut out from me. ---

Dogs in Ceylon are largely outcast mongrels
quick to respond to kindness.

Act III, Scene i, line 45, forest peasant. Miss Baillie may refer
to the outcast forest tribes, the Rodujas and
Veddaha; or she may have the English type of
forest peasant in mind. The latter type had
its place in 19th Century Romanticism.

" " " " " 65, torpid reptile. The boaconstrictor lies
in a torpid state after feeding heavily.

" " " " " 73, Nahagaha. "The iron tree". p. 680,
1853 ed.

"Near every Buddhist temple the priests plant
the Iron tree (*Messua ferrea*)¹ for the sake of
its flowers, with which they decorate the ima-
ges of Buddha. They resemble white roses, and
form a singular contrast with the buds and
shoots of the tree, which are of the deepest
crimson."

Tennent, Ceylon, I, p. 941.

1. "Dr. Gardnersupposed the iron wood tree to
have been confounded with the Mesua ferrea of
Linnaeus. He asserted it to be a distinct

species, and assigned to it the well-known
Sinhalese name "nagaha," or iron wood tree.
But this conjecture has since proved erro-
neous."

Act III, Scene i, line 76, That men are brethren, children of
one sire.

"The brotherhood of man" was a topic of inter-
est to some 18th Century writers who were
prophetic of the 19th Century. Among those
in the Humanitarian movement of the 19th Cen-
tury were Tennyson, Shelley, and Emerson.
Those in the movement felt a keen interest in
man whether at home or abroad.

" " " " " 80, swoln torrent". Ceylon receives such heavy
rainfall in May that water rushes in "swollen
torrents".

" " " " " 90, Certes. See note on Act I, Scene ii, line 154.

" " " " " 107-108, Then why hold all this coil concerning
that

Which is so plain. - -

By "coil", Miss Baillie here means strife be-
tween the different sects - Catholic, Metho-

dist, Baptist, etc.

Each of these churches held to its individual doctrine as to what to do to be saved. Some of their points are trivial; but the result is that the natives, now knowing which church to believe, usually held to their old beliefs.

Act III, Scene i, line 148. Indeed, indeed, this was a noble Being .

From this point I think Rasinga undergoes a change. He becomes unmindful of orders, and is generally perturbed.

" " " " " 208, Newane - Nirvana. See Act I, Scene ii, line 219 ff.

Newane - 1853 ed.

Act III, Scene ii. In describing this scene, Miss Baillie may have imagined the scene of the actual executions of 1914. I doubt very much that a crowd of native Singhalese would have been so silent. But the silence heightens the tragic effect.

" " " " , line 26. It is a fearful - an appalling risk.

This is a characteristic touch of Miss Baillie

to let the audience know the secret -- that De Creda, Artina and Sabawatte do not intend that Samar shall die, but shall influence Rasinga to clemency toward Artina, if not toward Samarkoon. The Spectators were first to intimate this.

Act III, Scene II, line 88, drowning . As explained in the introduction, part of this drama was based on an incident from actual life where the mother of the boy from whom Miss Baillie derived Samar, was drowned in a tank.

" " " " " 104, When in the form of Antelope or loorie --
This indicates the Buddhist's belief in transmigration of the soul.

" " " " " 105-105, --- We'll be still together:
When in the form of antelope or loorie,
She wends her way to Boedhoo . . .
Boedho here means Buddha or heaven.

" " " " " 130, silken venture , "Cotton vesture" might be more exact but less poetic. Some of the chiefs wore a kind of vesture made of "cloud

cloth" so called for its thinness and transparency.

Act III, Scene ii, line 134 ff., Rasinga's conversion and unselfish resignation of the Bride to Samarkoon, comes almost too suddenly for reality; but it was partly prepared for in Act III, Scene i, line 155, when Rasinga acknowledges that Christ "was a noble Being."

" " " " " 175-177, Since that which I resign is worth --

But cease!

Speak not of this - if it be possible,

We'll think of this no more.

There is an interesting bit of psychology here. Rasinga wishes to cease thinking of the Bride; but in his next sentence he again speaks of her. She is still uppermost in his mind when he, in speaking to Montebesa, refers to his trouble as

"clouds"

. . . . "of a denseness dark and terrible."

" " " " " 205-206. Miss Baillie's optimism shines through

Rasinga's last speech: . . .

"And all the brighter shall our sky appear,

For that the clouds which have obsorured its

face

Were of a denseness dark and terrible."

APPENDIX.

Letter to the writer from Helen Hunter Baillie:

St. Hilda's 111 Vinland Road,

Jan: 3/27. London, W. G.

Dear Madam:

Thank you for your kind letter, which I hasten to answer. As to my Aunt Joanna Baillie, I am her only living relation of her name altho there are two younger generations -- as two of my sisters married.

Her friends are indeed all dead, & any very distant relations can know nothing about her. In fact I dont think there are any. The mother of Matthew Baillie & his 2 sisters, Mrs. Agnes and Mrs. Joanna, was Dorothy Hunter, sister of the celebrated brothers, John and William, & that family have no descendents.

My father wrote the short biography of his greatly loved Aunt - to whom he was the best of nephews. I know Longman, the pubr., thought it well done -- & that nothing better would be done, & he also edited the last 1 vol. edition of her works.

I am afraid I can give you no further information about that particular play. I would if I could.

It is interesting to me to find my great aunt's name still known so far away.

Miss Carhart of Los Angeles has written a short life of her lately. She sent me a copy.

With all good wishes I remain

Yrs very sincerely,

Helen Hunter Baillie.

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